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A



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SHEWING

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And at last betook himself to a Monastery in *Yorkshire*, where he was bled to death by a *Monk*.

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THE
W H O L E L I F E
A N D
S T R A N G E A D V E N T U R E S
O F
R O B I N H O O D.

I SHALL not trouble my Reader with a long Genealogy of the Descent of our famous Earl of *Huntingdon*, whose Father was Head Ranger in the *North of England*, his Mother was the Daughter of the Right Honourable the Earl of *Warwick*, his Uncle was Squire *Gamwell*, of *Gamwell-Hall*: His Father and Mother lived in a Place called *Loxy*, a little Village adjacent to the Forest of *Sherwood*: He was born in the Reign of King *Henry the Second*: His Father and Mother were so fond of him, that they let him suck till he was two Years old, before they wean'd him, and then his Father put him to School, to have him learn to read and write true *English*; he had not been long there, before he learnt to read very well, and then he took his Writing so fast, that he soon became the head Scholar, and so by that he was called the Captain of the School:

He

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He was not only Expert in his Book, but in all other Waggeries and Inventions that Youth could be capable of attaining to ; that there was not a Boy in the School but what he had put Tricks upon ; nay, even his Master he outwitted in all Exercises whatsoever.

To the Father's and Mother's great Joy, he also took much delight in Archery, that he became the Wonder of the Age ; he was admired by Kings, Queens, and Princes ; he was so arch in his Waggeries that scarce a Day went over his Head, without shewing some of his merry Pranks upon one body or other, insomuch that he became the whole Talk of *Nottingham*.

He grew so famous in that Part of the Country, that every one thought himself happy, that could get into his Company.

As his Mother one Morning found her dear and loving Husband in a most pleasing Humour, she thought that was the only Opportunity for her to acquaint him of his former Promises : My Jewel, *said she*, I hope you have not forgot the Favour which you promised me, and your only delight ; nay, *said he*, 'if I have promised you any thing, I hope I shall not be worse than my word, since 'tis something, it seems, that will please you, and be a Delight to my Son *Robin* : Ah ! my Heart jumps within me, to hear you speak so pleasant this glorious Morning.

My Honey, *said she*, the Request is this, to let *Robin* and I go to his Uncle, 'Squire *Gamwell*, to taste of his Chear and be merry.

She had no sooner asked, but he granted her Request, and was wonderfully pleased to think what sport

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sport and pastime his Son *Robin* would make at his Uncle's House, with every Gentleman that was there: And happy was the Old Man in his Thought, because he knew his Son would have much Pleasure and Pastime with his Uncle; for his Uncle took as much delight in Shooting, as any Gentleman in the *North*.

So *Robin's* Father makes no more to do, but goes and brings the grey Gelding to the Door; come, *said he*, you and my Son get ready, and prepare to go your Journey, for 'tis twenty long Miles, and Tomorrow is *Christmass-Day*: He need not have said prepare and get ready, for they were as forward as he could be, there being no Pains nor Time lost with *Robin* and his Mother; for two Persons were never drest finer in the whole *North*, nor made a greater Show.

So *Robin* and his Mother took leave of all their Friends and their Neighbours, and so went merrily on their Journey.

They were not many Hours before they came within Sight of the House, and the 'Squire happened to be at the Door, and seeing a Horse coming full tilt, spies his own dear Sister, and his Nephew; he ran with all his Force, and caught her in his Arms, and there he held her, kissing one another for the Space of a Quarter of an Hour, and they had no power to speak to each other, their Joy was so great.

But when he spoke, he swore a great Oath, that she was heartily welcome to *Gamwell-Hall*.

So

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So into the House they all three went, and every one in the House came and paid a Respect to *Robin* and his Mother. They eat, drank, and told many merry Stories, and for that Night they went to Bed.

Robin could scarce have any Sleep in his Eyes all that Night, for thinking of the great Pleasure and Mirth he was likely to enjoy; nay, and well he might, for no Person in the *North* ever lived so happy as he; nor was ever King or Prince so liberal or charitable as *Robin Hood* was, as I shall give you an account in the following History.

The next Morning the Musick welcom'd our young 'Squire to the Town, wishing him a merry *Christmas*; in short, when they were up, there was no Pleasure wanting, that the Country could afford, nor any thing else that could make them happy.

Well, all things, was prepared and got ready for *Christmas* Dinner, there was nothing wanting for a banqueting Feast; so the Dinner was soon ready, and set upon the Tables, all the Company set round, and that 'Squire *Gamwell* came in, said he, Gentlemen, you are all heartily welcome so long as I have a Bit or Sup in my House, so don't spare.

When Dinner was over, then full Bottles and Glasses replenished all the Tables, and the Healths were beginning to go round: Hold, says 'Squire *Gamwell*, no Man shall drink of my *March Beer*, till he has sung a *Christmas* Carrol.

So they all clapt their Hands to sign the Agreement, and every Man sang in his Turn, till they made the Hall ring of their Fame.

Then

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Then said Squire Gamewell, call hither to me my Man *Little John*, for he is a sprightly young Man, and will make sport for us all. *Little John* was no sooner called for, but he came with all Manner of *Legerdemain* Tools, and made them such Sport, that they wished it would hold for ever; as for my naming Particulars, it is not necessary to our Story. *Robin Hood* hearing every Body praise *Little John*, to such a high Degree for his Ingenuity, he could no longer bear it, but cried out aloud; *Gentlemen, it's Christmas Time, and it's my Turn now.*

So *Robin Hood* took up the Cups, and all the other Instruments; and where any one of the Company could shew one Trick (or *Little John* either) *Robin* could shew three. His Uncle, 'tis true, had often heard of his Fame, but seeing is believing, therefore he believed he was as well skilled in Archery, as he had heard he was: Then 'Squire Gamewell got off from his Seat, and took *Robin* by the Hand, and said, Cousin you shall never return to your Father's House any more, but shall live and be with me till I die, and when I die I will make you Heir of all my Lands, and during the Time of my Life, no pleasure in this World, shall be wanting to make you happy, if there should be any thing wanting at any Time, ask and it shall be granted.

The first Favour that *Robin* asked of his Uncle, was that he would grant him *Little John* to be his Companion.

His Uncle said, take him, for he's at your Command. Thrice happy *Robin* thought himself, when he heard him speak that Word, for now he had nothing to think of but his Pleasure.

Now

6 *The famous History of Robin Hood.*

Now *Robin Hood* calls *Little John* to him, and tells him, that he must wait and attend on him, and do whatever he commanded him to do ; so go, *says he*, and fetch my longest Bow and my Arrows, for I intend to have some Sport this Day in merry *Sherwood*.

Robin and his Man had not been in the Wood long, before he found Sport enough ; and there he and his Man *Little John* exercised themselves, and brought home several Braces of several Sorts that the Wood could afford. *Robin* and his Uncle would often go into the Wood, and Shoot together, but alas ! his Uncle could never come near him ; for where he could hit the Mark once, *Robin* hit it thrice ; and yet his Uncle was as good a Marksman, as was well known in all that Country.

So, for that Reason, no Company was so delightful to him, as his Kinsman *Robin* was.

His Uncle took such great Delight in his Company, that he could go no where without him ; no Journeys nor Banquetings was pleasing to him without *Robin's* Company. His Uncle made Shooting Matches to try his Skill, in all the Counties round about, and it was never known that he ever lost a Match ; that all the Archers, far and near, dreaded and trembled to shoot against him ; and so by that he came to be called *Bold Robin Hood*. 'Squire *Gamewell* never took so much Pleasure in all the whole Course of his Life, as he did in the Time of his living with his Kinsman ; there was nothing to be seen or heard of, but what *Robin* and his Uncle had the Pleasure of it.

'Squire

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'Squire Gamwell had lived this Life for several Years, and thought as little of dying, and leaving all behind him, as a great many more Rich Men do at this Time : But so much I must speak in his behalf, that he was no Miser, but quite the contrary ; for he was very liberal and charitable to all poor Families, relieving them in Distress.

In short a violent Fit of Sickness seized upon him, and he had that foresight given him, that he thought he should not recover it ; upon which, he immediately sent for his Cousin *Robin*, his only comfort in this World, that he might leave and settle all his Estate and Effects in his Hands, and made him as topping a Man as any in *Gamwell*.

All things was put to rights, and the Estate settled upon him ; but no Man is able to write, or Tongue to express, the Grief and Sorrow that our famous Champion was in, notwithstanding the great Estate and Quantity of Money ; for he valued his Friend beyond all the Money in the World, as will appear in the following Discourse ; but at the End of all his Grief, he was forced to make use of the old Proverb : *That Time and Tide stays for no Man ; and the dearest Friends in the World must part.*

Now the whole Estate is in his own Hands, and he begins to bethink himself of something more than he did before ; and well he might, for fourteen Hundred Pounds a Year then, was a rare Thing.

Now *Robin's* Mind runs upon nothing but Valour and Honour : And resolves to take as much Pleasure as if he was a King, so he intends to live and range, and be a King of the Woods.

8 *The famous History of Robin Hood.*

In the Time of his living great, he took into his Service a Hundred brave Yeomen; but he never admitted any of them till he had a Trial of Skill with them himself at Quarter-Staff; for he was as well skill'd at Quarter-Staff as he was at his Bow; so that he and his Hundred Men were so good, that no three Hundred dare come to fight them.

One Day *Robin* was invited to a Feast at *Titbury*, and because he wou'd be welcome when he came there, *Little John* was to carry a Buck along with him. They had scarce rid five *Staffordshire* Miles before they met with eight bold Yeomen, who bid them stand, and deliver their Buck: No faith, says *Robin*, we shant, till we have had a Trial of Skill for't: come, *Little John*, let's beat 'em heartily, and make 'em remember their stopping the two Champions of the *North*: So to it they went, and a fore Combat it was, for never was a fiercer Battle for the Time it held; it was not long before five of them was kill'd, and the other three begg'd for their Lives: so *Little John* took Pity on them, and sent 'em home to their Wives, and bid 'em never meet *Bold Robin Hood* any more. So to *Titbury* Feast they went, and after they had been merry for several Days they return'd to merry *Sherwood*, to all their brave Yeomen.

Robin Hood living too fast he soon run out his Estate, and then he began to study what Course to take to maintain his Company, for you must think his Expences was very great: at last he resolv'd upon this, To take from the Rich, and be charitable to the Poor: and it was not long before he put his Thoughts in Practice, and to rob all that came by that Way; but the Poor he rather reliev'd than took from them. He grew so famous for Robberies, that

every

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every body dreaded to ride that Way, for fear of meeting with *Bold Robin Hood*: for if the Rich were ever so strongly arm'd, it avail'd them nothing.

And if he met a poor Man he never took any Money from him, but he wou'd lend him some. And if any poor Family was in Distress, or Want, he wou'd be sure to send them Relief; for which he had the Prayers of all the Poor for his Success and Prosperity.

Another Time *Robin Hood* having Intelligence that the Bishop of *Carlisle* was on the Road for *London*, he met him on the *South Side* of *Ferry-Bridge* in *Yorkshire*; and tho' the Prelate had fifty Men in his Retinue, yet did *Robin*, with only half a Score of his Gang, attack his Lordship, putting his Servants to flight, robb'd him of eight hundred Marks, and then tying him to a Tree, they made him sing Mass; and afterwards they untied him, and set him on his Horse again, with his Face to the Horse's Tail, and so made him ride to *London* backwards.

When the Bishop came to *London*, he went to King *Richard* the First, and complain'd against *Robin Hood*, That if his Majesty did not suppress that Outlaw, his Subjects could not pass thro' any Parts of the North, but they must be robb'd and ruin'd. With that the King made answer, That *Robin* and all his Men should be hang'd in a short Time.

At another Time the King's Receiver was coming up to *London*, out of the North of *England*, with the King's Taxes, when *Robin Hood* and *Little John*, and the rest of his Gang met him, and ask'd him if he had brought his Taxes to him? He answer'd, Not as he knew of. Why then, said he, for this Time

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I'll pardon you; but tell down your Money to me, and for the future remember I am your Master, and all that comes this Way must pay me Tribute.

When the Receiver came to *London*, he inform'd the King what had happen'd to him, insomuch that the King fell into a mighty Rage and Passion, and sent out Proclamation to all Parts, That if any Person cou'd bring to him *Robin Hood*, dead or alive, they should have a thousand Marks for their Reward, immediately paid.

The Bishop of *Carlisle*, as I told you of, made all the Intercession that possible could be, to raise Men to take this Outlaw *Robin Hood*; and in a short time they rais'd five hundred disciplin'd Men, who were not long before they came near to *Robin Hood*, and a great Battle soon began. *Robin Hood* drew all his Men up, and bid them be of good Courage, for here was all the King's Men come to try their Skill. *Little John* made answer, and said, Poor Hearts, they are sent here to be kill'd; therefore they had better run away, then stay to have Holes in their Skins to go to another World with. So the Battle began, and a mighty one it was, and lasted for several Hours; but at last *Robin Hood's* Gang had killed half the King's Men, and the rest retreated: but they took twelve of the Bishop's Men, and when they had done they carried them to merry *Sherwood*, and made much of them; and afterwards *Robin Hood* sent them home to their Master, and charged them never to come there any more.

At another Time the Bishop of *Ely* (as our Chronicles report) raised a thousand Horsemen, and they rode into the North; but *Robin Hood* hearing of their coming, prepar'd for them? *Robin* and his Men bent

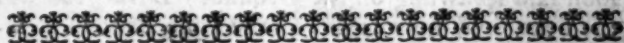
up

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up their noble Bows, and soon made Work with the Bishop's Men and Horses, for in a short Time they killed two hundred Men, and fourscore Horses, and took thirty Men Prisoners: upon which the Bishop and the rest of his Men put Spurs to their Horses, and fled to save their Lives.

And *Robin* sent the Bishop's Men to *Sherwood*, and in a little time they were ransom'd at twenty Marks a Man.

It was not long before the Bishop came to *Warrington* Town, and there in a sore Rage, in King *Richard's* Name, he muster'd up a great Number of Men in the North to take the Outlaw: But *Robin* had won the Hearts of the meaner Sort of People, that they would not fight against him. So that the Bishop returned home with a sorrowful Heart.



How Robin Hood and the Pindar of Wakefield fought a whole Summer's Day.

THE Pindar of *Wakefield* one Summer Morning was taking his Pleasure in the Corn-Fields, refreshing himself in the wholesome Air, when on a sudden espied a Company of rude and irregular Fellows, as he thought, break a wide Gap through a Hedge, pluck up the Stakes, and without keeping any Path, making towards him; which Injury put *George* into a mighty Rage, making as much Haste to meet them as he could, and took his Staff from off his Shoulder and bade them stand, and not only to give him an Account, but present Satisfaction and Recompence for the Damage they had done. *Robin*

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and his Companions had put off their Forest Green, and left their Bows and Arrows behind them, and had only weapon'd themselves with strong Quarter-Staves, according to the Fashion of the Country.

They took the Pinder's Affront in great Scorn, and told him, *All Ways were alike to them, they being Travellers; and when they could make the nearest Way, they saw no Reason they had to go about; that they had done no Damage; or if they had, the Amends lay in his own Hands.* Marry, and so it doth, answer'd the Pinder, *for I have that in my Hands that shall call you to a dear Reckoning; but since you seem to be Men furnish'd both with Limbs and Spirits, if you be such, and not base and effeminate Cowards, come not all upon me at once, but one by one, and then have at you, were you twice as many more as you be; and the Motion pleas'd them.* Scarlet was the first Man that went on, and he was soon laid sprawling on the Ground. Little John was the next, and he was served the same Sauce for revenging his Friend's Quarrel.

The last that fought the Combat was Robin Hood, and the bravest (I dare say) that was ever fought in Wakefield: Long it lasted, and with great Difficulty they contested which should overcome. At length, both being tir'd, says Robin, *Hold thy Hand, noble Pinder, for I protest thou art the stoutest Man that I ever yet laid my Hands on.* To whom the Pinder replied, *Recall thy Words, for thou hast never yet laid thy Hands on me.*

Nor will I, noble George, but in Courtesy: Know then I am Robin Hood, and these are my bold Yeomen, who are come as far as the Forest of merry Sherwood only to prove thy Valour, which I have found to exceed that liberal Report which Fame hath given out of you.

At

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At which Words the Pinder embrac'd him, and told him, *That, next to the King, he was the only Man he most honoured; and crav'd Pardon of him.* Much Joy there was on all Sides, and *George* invited them all to an Entertainment; wherein he shew'd himself to be as bountiful in Mind, as he was famous in Strength of his Body; for their Welcome and Cheer was as much above their Expectation, as better suiting with a large Manor-House, than a thatch'd Cottage.

Nor did *Robin* come altogether unprovided from *Sherwood*, for he hath both Money and several Heifers laden with Provision of all Sorts, which follow'd him on purpose to feast and revel with the Pinder: where I leave them in all the Satisfaction and Felicity imaginable.

Upon a Time King *Richard*, having heard much of the Fame of the Pinder of Wakefield for his Strength and Valour, he resolv'd to go into the North to see him, but in Disguise, that no body should know, and likewise to hear how the People affected him: so the King and the Earl of *Leicester* took *Cuddy Musgrave* for their Guide and Conductor to travel into the North. They travell'd till they came to a Town not far from *Wakefield*, which is call'd *Bradstead*, where the Shoemakers, by long Tradition, have observed a Custom, that no Person shall walk thro' the Town with his Staff upon his Shoulder, unless he will have a Bout or two with some one or other of the gentle Craft; but if he trail'd it after him he might pass quietly, without any Trouble or Molestation. It so happen'd, that the King's Way, with *Leicester* and *Cuddy*, lay thro' this Town, who being disguised like Country Yeomen, and, it seems, now well acquainted with the Custom, like honest plain Travellers, walked boldly along, with their Stave upon

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upon their Shoulders: who being espied by the Shoemakers, three stout Fellows of them stept out of their Shops, and beat their Staves from their Shoulders. The King having had genteel Entertainment at all the other Places, wonder'd at such unexpected Rudeness, and gently demanded of them the Reason of that Violence and Incivility? They answer'd him, That it was a Privilege which had been observ'd time out of Mind, their Fathers before them had kept it, and they made it hereditary to their Successors. They demanded of them, whether they had any such Patent from the King? who answer'd again, They did not stand upon Patents, neither knew they any Law, except Staves-End Law, and that all their Fraternity were ready to maintain it with down-right Blows, and therefore bid them peremptorily to handle their Staves, for there was no other Way to save them from a present and severe Banging. The King told them that they were peaceable Men, and rather than break their Custom, or enter into an unnecessary quarrel, they would drag their Staves after them, and so they did.

Whilst these Things were debating came *George a Green* disguised, with *Robin Hood* and his Yeomen, with every one a good Staff on his Shoulder: *George* having told *Robin* what merry Customs the jolly Shoemakers maintain'd, bringing him that Way on purpose, only for Sport-sake, and to try what Mettle they had in them. When they came there, they spy'd the King, *Leicester*, and *Cuddy*, trailing their Staves after them; at which Sight being moved, see *Robin*, said the *Pinder*, three lusty able proper Fellows, that dare not advance their Staves for fear of the Shoemakers. Then he ask'd *Robin Hood* what he thought of them? He answer'd, That he thought them base cowardly Fellows; so I think too, said

George,

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George, but I'll make them otherwise: So coming close up to them, he first began to upbraid them with their Fear and Cowardice, and afterwards told them, that if they did not presently raise their Staves, and bear them up, and knock down any that durst to oppose them, that he himself would cudgel them more soundly, than the Townsmen were able to do, had they shewed themselves to be Men, they should have been excused: The King answered I was never put to so hard a Choice, as to be beaten, Fight or not Fight, and so desired to be excused, since they were Travellers, Men Peaceable, and altogether unacquainted with any such hard Customs.

His Words were just ended, when out came a Crew of Shoemakers, every Man well armed, and told them, that even they should obey their Custom, bid them down with their Maypoles, and withal. began to strike their Staves from off their Shoulders, that was the Watchword the *Pinder* and Comrades waited for: And now began the greatest Combat that was ever seen in the Town of *Bradstead*, for *Robin* and *George* began to clear the whole Town of Masters, Journeymen and Apprentices: Not a Staff to be found, that was not used in defence of their Liberty, there was nothing now thought on, but Havock, and knocking one another down: The *Pinder* himself seemed to be Pounded in amongst them, and many a Shoemaker was brought to his LAST: And many a Staff was shivered and broke to pieces, and crack'd Crowns went current, tho' many were found to take them against their Wills: The Shoemakers themselves thought fit to give ground, who had vowed to lose Bodies and Souls in the Quarrel, then run to shelter themselves shamefully.

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At length the *Pinder's* Disguise fell off in the Battle, and he was no sooner discovered and known, but the Shoemakers immediately cried out, *TRAIL.*

They flung down their Staves, and cast up their Hats, and bid them welcome to the merry Town of *Bradstead*, with a loud Shout, no Man thought no more of his Hurt for the Joy they had to see the *Pinder of Wakefield*. *George* having breathed himself a little, he commanded a Barrel of the best and strongest Ale should be brought and set in the Street, which was instantly done, and paid for: Then *George* intreated them, as they tendered him, to bid his Friends welcome, so they all sat round the Barrel together, *King and all*, but when *George* had told them who they were, namely, *Robin Hood* and his bold *Yeomen*, who had travelled as far as from the Forest of *Sherwood*, to prove what Mettle there was in their Fraternity: This News was as good as a Plaister to every Man's broken Head, so with a Joint Acclamation, they gave him a loud and hearty Welcome.

All this while the *King* observing and perceiving the two prime Men to be there present, whom he had such a great Desire to see: When the Healths began to go round, the *Pinder* called for a deep *Wassail Bowl*, he filled it brim-full, and then falling upon his Knees, all the rest doing the like, he said, here *Robin Hood*, I drink a Health to good *King Richard* and you being the best Man in the Company shall first pledge it, and when you have so done, let it go round among the Shoemakers, I except none in the Company, but those cowardly Travellers, who are unworthy to drink so brave and valiant a Prince's Health; who, for fear, durst not carry their Staves upon their Shoulders: Off went the

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the Health, with a great Shout, and the next was filled up for *Bold Robin Hood*, and so I'll now leave them all to be merry with the King.

As *Robin Hood*, was going to *Nottingham*, to dine with some Gentlemen, he had not gone far before he spy'd fifteen Forresters drinking, and when he came up to them, they asked him what News he heard, he told them, he heard no News, only the King had provided a Shooting Match, in *Finsbury-Fields, London*; and he thought to be there himself. We hold you in scorn, said the Forresters, that ever you should go there to Shoot with the King's Archers, therefore take your Bow, and begone while you are well. So *Robin Hood* went smiling over the Green, and then he bent his Noble Bow, and let his broad Arrows fly, till he had killed fourteen of the Forresters, there was but one left alive, and that was he that first began the Quarrel, and *Robin* seeing him going over the Plain, he sent one of his Arrows to him, and fetched him back; Now, says *Robin*, I think you have cause enough to believe I am an Archer: With that the People of *Nottingham*, came out in great Numbers, thinking to take *Bold Robin Hood*, for the Forresters he had slain; they carried the Forresters home to their Wives, and *Robin* fled to merry *Sherwood* for Shelter.

But tho' *Robin* had been guilty of several notorious Robberies and Murders, yet hearing of the aforesaid Shooting Match, to be performed before the King and Queen, and several of the Nobility, he and *Little John*, with one *Midge* a Miller, another of his out-lawed Companions, ventured incognito up to *London*, to see it, the Archers indeed shot very well, especially one *Clifton*, who would hit the Mark every Time; however, *Robin* and his Comrades would lay

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a Wager of a hundred Marks, that they would shoot better at the Mark, than the best three of them all, they were so taken up and the Wager laid.

The Queen seeing the Resolution of these Strangers, was incited to lay a thousand Pounds on their Heads, against the King, several Wagers being likewise laid by the Nobles on both Sides. When *Robin* bent his Bow, he shot almost into the Middle of the Mark, but he that shot against him, did not come near by a Span; *Little John* hit the black Mark in it, his Adversary was far enough from it; and then *Midge* the Miller pinned up the Basket, by cleaving with his Arrow the Pin in two, which was in the Middle of the Black, so the Queen, and all those that laid on her Side, won the Bets.

But when the King afterwards knew it was *Robin Hood* and his Gang that had beaten his Archers, he was highly displeased, and made a solemn Vow that he should be hanged whenever he was catch'd. In order then for apprehending him, several detachments of Soldiers were sent out in pursuit of him, in the Forest of *Sherwood*, of which he having Intelligence, he privately withdrew himself into *Yorkshire*, from thence to *Newcastle*, in the County of *Northumberland*, then into *Cumberland*, *Lancashire* and *Cheeshire*, and last of all into *London*, till the Heat of the Hue and Cry was over, and then he returned to his old Place of Rendezvous again, to the no small Joy of his Companions, who had been much dismayed at his Absence, for the Space of eight Months.

As it happened one Summer Morning, *Arthur a Bland*, had a Mind to go into merry *Sherwood* to take the Air, and to view the fine Deer, he had not been long there before he met with *Bold Robin Hood*: And
Robin

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and if you please to come to *Nottingham*, I'll tann your Hide for you, as well as ever you had it done in your Life, I think you have done that sufficiently already, says *Robin*, for my Hide was never to

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Robin had a mind to have a little Sport, and so bid him Stand: Says *Arthur*, what bold Fellow are you? Or what business have you here? You look like a Thief, and I suppose you come to steal the King's Deer, therefore I'll make you know that I am the Keeper of this Forest before you and I part: Don't threaten me, said *Robin*, for you must have more to help you then: No, says *Arthur*, I have no occasion for more, and so you shall find.

I care not a Fig for your Sword, nor your Bow, said *Arthur*, for I have a good Oak Staff, and if you won't be gone, I'll knock you down: Not so hasty neither, says *Robin*, for I'll get a Staff as well as you, and try who shall be the Master; with all my Heart, quoth *Arthur*, for I desire nothing but fair Play, so their Staves were measured, that one should not be longer than the other; in short, there was no foul Play between them, and to it they went: It was not long before *Arthur* made the Blood run trickling down his Face; and *Robin* did the same for him, and they gave each other Knock for Knock, for the Space of two Hours or more, but when *Robin* saw his Blood run down, he roar'd like a wild Boar: *Arthur* laid Blows on so, fast, that he made the Woods to Ring.

Hold hold, said *Robin*, what should you and I beat our Bones to Jelly for, we shall get no Money by it, neither will any Body thank us for it.

They had not breathed themselves long, before *Robin* asked him what was his Name, and where he lived, and what Trade he was brought up to; for all these he desired to know. He answered my Name is *Arthur Bland*, and I have lived many Years at *Nottingham*, and there I follow my Trade of Tanning.

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Progress in the North, and he thinking them to be religious Men, that were come to meet him, in order to deliver a Petition to him, stopt immediately with his Retinue to hear what they had to say: where-

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and if you please to come to *Nottingham*, I'll tann your Hide for you, as well as ever you had it done in your Life, I think you have done that sufficiently already, says *Robin*, for my Hide was never so tann'd before.

And (quoth he) my Name is *Robin Hood*, and I fain would have you come and live with me, and you shall never want for Gold or Silver.

As soon as *Arthur* had heard his Name was *Robin Hood*, he gave him his Hand, and swore they two would never part.

They had no sooner joined Hands, but he asked for *Little John*, then *Robin* put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blast or two, and *John* soon came tripping over the Plain: When he came up to them, he asked his Master what made him stand with his Staff in his Hands? Why, said he, this Tanner that stands by my side, has forely tann'd my Hide: I commend him for it, said *John*, and if he pleases he shall tann mine too: No, hold said *Robin*, he's a Relation of yours, for his Name is *Arthur a Bland*; with that *John* flung away his Staff, as far as he could fling it; and they all shook Hands, swore to be true to one another, and to lead their Lives in merry *Sherwood*.

Now *Robin* and *Little John* being most notoriously noted, insomuch that great Parties of Horse and Foot were forced to lie on the Roads, for the safeguard of Passengers; he and his Gang, to the Number of a Hundred desperate Fellows, put themselves into the Habit of Friars, under which disguise, they still committed great Robberies and Insolencies, even not sparing King *Richard* himself, for meeting him in a

Progress

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Progress in the *North*, and he thinking them to be religious Men, that were come to meet him, in order to deliver a Petition to him, stopt immediately with his Retinue, to hear what they had to say; whereupon *Robin* approaching his Majesty, told him, after some low Obedyance made to him, that he was not come to talk with him about Religion, for that was a Thing he never had any more thoughts of, than himself, but that he was come to discourse with him about secular Affairs: Which was, to lend him and his Companions what Money he had about him, otherwise they should put him to do very hard Penance, in spite of all Indulgences and Absolution, he could procure from the *Pope*.

The King finding it was in vain to resist so great a Power, with his small Attendance, which did not exceed above fifty Persons, gave what Money he had to *Robin*, who afterwards searched the Noblemen's Pockets, and then left them to pursue their Journey.

The King was so extreamly enraged at this Insult of *Robin Hood*, that he issued a Proclamation, with a Reward of a thousand Marks for taking him, dead or alive, and Five Hundred Marks for *Little John*, and a Hundred Marks for every one of his Men that were taken alive, in order to bring them to condgn Punishment: Which Rewards made People look out very sharp after them.

As *Robin* was one Morning going to *Nottingham* Town, he met with a bold Tinker, and he civilly asked him whe e he lived; for he heard there was nothing but bad News abroad: What bad News is it you hear, said the Tinker? For I live at *Banbury*,

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and am a Tinker by Trade, and as I came along I heard no bad News.

Yes, says *Robin*, the News that I heard was bad, but true, for it was only two Tinkers in the Stocks for Drinking: Your News, says the Tinker, is not worth a Fart, and had they looked you in the Face, they would have put you in, to bear them Company, for I dare say you love Beer as well as any Tinker in Town. So I do, says *Robin*, but pray tell me what News abroad, for you that go from Town to Town, must needs hear some News. Why, said the Tinker, I hear no other News but of taking *Bold Robin Hood*, and I have a Warrant in my Pocket to take him, wherever I find him, and if you can tell me where he is, I'll make a Man of you for your Pains: Let me see the Warrant, said *Robin*, whether it be made strong and good, and I'll go with you, and take him this Night, for I know a House that he uses at *Nottingham*.

No, said the Tinker, I'll let no Man see my Warrant, and if you won't help me to take him, I'll go and take him myself. So *Robin* perceiving how the Game went, asked him to go to *Nottingham*, for he said, he was sure to meet with *Robin Hood* there.

They were not long before they arrived at *Nottingham*, where they went into an Inn, and drank so plentifully, that the Tinker got drunk, and fell asleep, then *Robin* took away the Tinker's Money, and the King's Warrant, and left him ten Shillings to pay; but when he wak'd it would have made any one laugh to have beheld the poor Tinker's Fright at the Loss of his Money and Warrant; he called up his Landlord, and told him what a Mischance had befallen him: That the Stranger that was drinking

with

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with him, was run away, and had robbed him of all his Money, and had took a warrant out of his Pocket, which he had from the King, to take *Bald Robin Hood*: The Landlord told him, that was *Robin Hood* that had been drinking with him all that Day; then the Tinker fretted and rav'd like a Madman, and swore what he would have done if he had known it had been him.

So he left his Host his Budget of Tools for the Reckoning, till he took *Robin Hood*: His Landlord told him he might be sure to find him in the Park: And it was not long before he spy'd him there, shooting of the King's Deer.

Quoth *Robin*, what bold Fellow is this that dare come so near me here? I am no bold Fellow, said the Tinker, and so you shall know before we part.

Upon this, there arose a great Combat between *Robin* and the Tinker; and the Tinker laid his Blows so fast, that he made *Robin* reel, and cry out for Pardon: No, said the Tinker, I'll give no such Outlaws as you Pardon, till I have hanged you on a Tree, and carried your Head to the King: But while the Tinker was looking about him, *Robin* blew a Blast with his Horn, and presently came *Little John* and *Will Scarlet* to part them; and *Robin* lik'd him so well for his Valour, that he took him into his Gang, and gave him an equal Share of what they got by robbing on the Highway.

Another time *Robin* was standing by the Forest side, where he spy'd a young Man walking all alone, very melancholy, upon which he ordered *Little John* and *Midge* the Miller, to go and fetch him to him; the young Man perceiving them to approach

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him, bent up his Bow, and bid them stand off, and then asked them what they wanted? They told him he must come before, and speak to their Master, that stood under yonder Green Tree.

So being brought before him, *Robin* asked him if he had any Money for him and his merry Men? He said no; he had but five Shillings, and a Ring which he had kept those seven Years to be married with, and that it was to have been this Day, but she was taken from him, and was gone to be married to an old Knight: Then *Robin* asked what his Name was, and how far it was to the Church where they were to be marry'd? He said, five little Miles. *Robin* asked him what Gold he would give, if he helped him to his Love again, and took her from the Old Knight. As for Gold, said he, I have none; but I'll be your faithful Servant, and obey all your Commands, my Name is *Allen a Dale*.

So *Robin* and his Yeomen went to the Place where *Allen a Dale* was to keep his Wedding, and then he went to the Bishop; the Bishop asked him what he wanted? He told him, that he was a bold Harper, the Bishop answered, that was the Musick that he lov'd, and bid him Play: No, said *Robin*, I'll stay till the Bride and Bridegroom comes.

It was not long before a wealthy Knight and a charming young Creature came in; it would have done any one's Heart good to see such a beautiful young Woman.

Quoth Robin, Now we are come to the Church, it's a grand Shame that such a young beautiful Woman should be married to such a fumbling Old Man as this, to lie grunting by her Side, and to make a
Nurse

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Nurse of her all the Days of her Life; no, no, she shall chose her own Bridegroom: With that, *Robin* put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blast and presently came *Little John* and *Allen a Dale*, with twenty Yeomen.

Now, said *Robin* to *Allen*, this Day you shall enjoy your Lover: No, hold said the Bishop, that's against the Laws of our Church, to marry any Person that has been asked three Times: So *Robin* immediately pulls off the Bishop's Robes, and puts them on *Little John*; and away goes *John* to the Quire, and asked them seven Times before all the People, and then *Robin* gave her away to *Allen a Dale*; and when they were Married, they all went to merry *Sherwood*, to keep the Wedding.

Another time *Robin Hood* taking his Progress, he happened to put into a By-fort of a House, a little out of the Road, in which he found nobody, but a poor Old Woman weeping bitterly; he asked her the Reason of her Grief? She told him, that she was a poor Widow, and being somewhat indebted to her Landlord for Rent, she expected him every Minute, to come and seize what few Goods she had, which would be her utter Ruin.

Robin hearing this, bid her rest herself contented, and he would make things easy; so pulling off his rich laced Cloaths, and putting on an old Coat, which the Old Woman lent him, having likewise secured his Horse in an old Barn; in a little Time came the old Miserly Landlord, and demanded his Rent: Hereupon *Robin* rises out of the Chimney Corner, with a short Stick in his Hand; quoth he, I understand Sir, that my Sister here, (poor Woman) is behind hand for Rent, and that you design to seize

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seize her Goods; but as she is a desolate Widow, and has not wherewithall to pay you at present, I hope you will take so much Pity and Compassion on her mean Circumstances, as not to be too severe upon her; pray Sir, let me persuade you to have a little Forbearance: The Landlord replied, don't tell me of Forbearance, I'll not pity People to the Ruin of myself; I'll have my Money; I want my Rent, and if I am not paid now, I'll seize her Goods forthwith, and turn her out of my House.

When *Robin* found that no Intreaties nor Persuasions would prevail with the Old miserly Cuff, to have Patience with the poor Woman, he pulled a Leather Bag out of his Pocket, and said, come let's see a Receipt in full, and I'll pay it; so accordingly a Receipt was given, and the Rent paid: Then the Landlord being upon going away; quoth *Robin*, 'tis drawing towards Night, Sir, and there's very great robbing abroad, therefore I would advise you to stay here till to-morrow Morning, and take the Day before you: No, no, replied the Landlord, I'll go Home now, I shall reach seven Miles before 'tis dark. Pray Sir, says *Robin* to him again, let me persuade you to tarry here; for indeed there's great robbing abroad: I don't care, cried the Landlord, what robbing there is abroad, I'll go home now; besides I don't fear being robbed by any one Man, let him be what he will: So taking his Horse, away he rid, and *Robin* after him, dressed then in his fine Cloaths; and meeting him at a Pond, where he knew he must pass by, bid him stand and fight, or deliver his Money: These Words frighted him out of his Wits, and he delivered all the Money he had lately received for Rent, and as much more to it.

Then

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Then *Robin* riding back to the Old Woman again, and disguising himself as before, it was not long before the Landlord came back to the House again, and knock'd at the Door: Quoth *Robin*, who's there? The Landlord said, 'tis I, said *Robin*, what I? Why, 'tis I, quoth the Landlord again.

At these Words, the Old Woman cry'd, O dear! 'tis my Landlord: So letting him in, he told his Grievance with a great deal of Sorrow: As how he was robbed by a Rogue in a laced Coat, who swore a thousand Oaths at him, and had certainly knock'd his Brains out if he had not given him all his Money: Ay, quoth *Robin*, I told you there was great robbing abroad, but you would not take my Advice; now I hope you'll stay here till Morning; however he did not, for having given an Account of his Misfortune, he made the best of his way homewards.

Another time *Robin* was walking in the Forest, where he spy'd a Shepherd lying on the Ground, with his Bag and Bottle by his Side, quoth *Robin* arise, and let me see what you have got in your Bag and Bottle, for I intend to taste; ay, but hold, said the Shepherd, you must wait my Leisure, for I'll rise for no Man; and what's that to you what I have in my Bag and Bottle, or any proud Fellow alive; therefore be gone, for no Man shall taste of either, excepts he fights for it, and overcomes me; said *Robin*, what shall we fight for? And flung twenty Pounds on the Ground; quoth the Shepherd, I have no Money to lay against it. I have nothing but my Bag and Bottle: That will do, said *Robin*; and you must handle your Crook well before you shall have my Gold.

Said

Then

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Said the Shepherd, I believe you love prating better then fighting; therefore proud Fellow come on if you dare.

With that *Robin* drew his Sword and the Shepherd took up his Hook, and a great Combat there was insomuch that it lasted for the Space of seven Hours or more.

The Shepherd laid him about so fast. that he made the Blood run down from almost every Hair of *Robin's* Head, and at last brought him down to the Ground, and so he yielded him the Victory.

Come, rise proud Fellow, said the Shepherd, I hate a Coward, so *Robin* put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blast, and soon came *Little John* over the Plain: What's the Matter, Master, quoth *John*, that you stand so amaz'd? Why, this Shepherd and I have been fighting, and he has beat me, and won my Money. I am glad of that, said *John*: Come bold Shepherd, turn about and fight me: Wishal my Heart, proud Fellow, for it shall never be said that a Shepherd shall run from you.

So to it they went and a mighty Battle there was, insomuch that *Robin* could not guess which would have the Day: At last the Shepherd gave him a Chuck under the Chin, and so knock'd him down: Hold thy Hand, quoth *Robin*, I'll yield my Wager lost, rather than you shall kill my Man *John*: Do Master, said *John*, for he is the Flower of all the Shepherds. So *Robin* gave the Shepherd the Money for his Valour.

Robin Hood, was a Man of great Courage, and a noble, daring and resolute Temper; and he would
often

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often seek out for some new Adventures by himself. He had not gone far, before he met the Lord Longshamp, near Nottingham, with three Servants: His first Words were these; Sir, I have great Occasion for a little Money at present, so pray deliver what Money you have, or expect a Knock of the Pate.

Quoth his Lordship, how dare you Sirrah, have the Impudence to stop a Nobleman? Let me get off my Horse, and I'll fight you at Quarter Staff.

Why truly, my Lord, replied *Robin*, that's a fair Challenge, and I should be very willing to accept of it, but I doubt when you are off your Horse, instead of fighting you'll run away, as you did when you betray'd the poor Duke of ———, I won't put it into your Power to run away; so, pray Sir, don't stand prating, but deliver what you have presently: Quoth his Lordship, what the Devil are my Servants doing there? What three great hulking cowardly Dogs of you; and all stand still, to let me be robbed by one poor Thief: Thief, Scoundrel replied *Robin*, I am a Gentleman bred and born, and you see I live by my Sword and Staff; therefore don't rely upon your Servants Assistance, for the first of them that offers to lay his Hands on his Sword, I'll knock him down, as I will you just now, if you make any more Words; offering as if he would strike him, his Lordship cried out for Quarter, and gave him a Brace of Hundred Pounds, which he had in his Portmantua, and then *Robin* went to merry *Sherwood* to all his brave Yeomen.

Another time *Robin*, with his Companions, had notice that the Sheriff of *Bedford*, with his Men were in search of him, and that they had beset the Wood where he then was; which made him stand on his Guard,

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Guard, but could not make him lose his undaunted Courage; wherefore he rallies his Troop of grand Rogues, and withdraws into the thickest Part of the Wood, to a Place judged by him the most advantageous, and having left Orders, he sends out Scouts; but thinking it not safe to trust to spies in a Case of such Importance, he puts on a Canvass Doublet and Breeches, old Boots without Spurs, and a Steeple crown'd Hat on his Head, and so draws near them, and finding them not to be equal to him in Strength, he returns back to his Companions, bids them stand to their Bows, and so encourages them by Words and Examples, that in setting upon them, as they immediately did, they were presently routed, and closely pursued, insomuch that eleven of them were taken Prisoners, and carried to a Wood and there stript and whipt, and then sent home, and charged never to attempt to come there any more for their Lives.

Robin and his Companions making holiday, some went to one Sport, and some to another, but *Robin*, *Will Scarlet*, *Midge* the Miller, and *Little John*, all went to Shooting: And it was not long before *Scarlet* shot a Buck, and *Midge* another, and *John* shot a Hart above two hundred Foot off, which pleased *Robin* so well, that he was resolved to find a Match for him, if he went a hundred Miles; which caused *Will Scarlet* to laugh, and tell him, that at *Fountain Abbey* there lived a Fryer, that would beat him and all his Men: With that, *Robin* said he would neither eat nor drink till he saw him; so he prepared his Bow, and a Sheaf of Arrows, and soon came to *Fountain-dale*; *Robin* had not been long there before he saw the Fryer by the River-side; and he commanded him to take him upon his Back, and carry him over the Water, with that the Fryer took him

him on his Back, and when he came into the Middle of the River he flung him in, and bid him swim the other half, for he did not care whether he sunk or swim.

But *Robin* soon got out, and shook his Ears, and in a great Passion he let his Arrows fly at him; but as fast as they came he kept them off with his Steal Buckler, till all his Arrows were gone; and there they both drew their Swords, and the Friar held it out so manfully, that the Battle lasted above five Hours, and at last *Robin* went on his Knees, and asked the Friar's Pardon for offending him; and then he put his Horn to his Mouth, and blew a Blast, and soon came fifty brave Yeomen, all with their Bows bent. Then the Friar began to tremble and shake, when he found it was *Robin Hood* he had been fighting with, cried out for Mercy, and enter'd himself into *Robin Hood's* Gang.

Another time *Robin* being at *Coventry*, and having a Mind to play a Prank, which he mightily delighted in doing; understanding that a certain Lord was to set out for *London* the next Day on Horseback, with a great Retinue, he put himself in Woman's Apparel, and overtaking his Lordship on the Road, having a tolerable good Face, and being young, the noble Peer was pleased to scrape Acquaintance with this young Damsel, as he supposed her: So after a great deal of Chat together, his Lordship being amorously inclin'd, he was for fulfilling the primary Command, *Encrease and Multiply*; and putting the Question to her, this masculine feminine Creature pretending great Modesty, said, it became her Sex never to permit dishonesty to come nearer than her Ears, and then, to save Virtue the Labour, Wonder and Detestation ought to stop it.

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But however, his Lordship pursuing his Inclination very close, it made her simper at the Conceit of it, and at last giving Way to his Enamorato's Courtship, she told his Lordship, that if they had been in any Place of Privacy, she should have been very ready to gratify his Desire; but to expose herself before all his Men, she would not for the World.

His Lordship being very joyful at her Condescension to his Embraces, they had not rid above half a Mile farther before a Wood presented itself to their Sight, where he order'd his Servants to halt till he came to them; so he and his *dear Bit of a Groat* rid into the Wood, and there alighting with an Intention of having a full Enjoyment of his supposed Lady: when his Lordship taking up her Petticoats, found under them a Pair of Breeches: quoth he, What's the Meaning of your wearing Breeches, Madam? Nothing, replied *Robin*, but to put your Money in, and now you must pay for your Peeping. With that he beat his Lordship, and took above a hundred Marks from him, and then tied him to a Tree to cool his Courage; and so he bid my Lord farewell till the next Meeting.

Now the Servants having waited above an Hour, wondring at their long Stay, they at last resolved to look after their Master; and so entering the Wood, they heard a Voice crying out for Help: they follow'd the Sound as fast as they could, till at length they found his Lordship fast; he bid them untie him, saying, the Villain which I took for a Woman proves to be neither better nor worse than a Highwayman and a Robber, and has taken all I had from me that was valuable; but for the future I'll be hang'd if ever I trust myself alone with any thing in the Shape of a Woman.

Another

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Another time *Robin* disguis'd himself in a Friar's Habit, and travelling from his Companions, he had not gone far before he met a Couple of Priests, and he making a pitiful moan to them, begg'd their Charity, and that they would relieve one of their Function for the Virgin *Mary's* Sake: That we would willingly do, said they, was it in our Power; but we have lately met with a Gang of Villains, who have robb'd us of all our Money, and left us nothing to relieve ourselves.

I am afraid, said *Robin*, you are all so addicted to lying, that an honest Man can't take your Words. Therefore let us all down on our Knees, and pray to the Virgin *Mary* to send us some Money to defray our Charges: Upon which they offer'd to run away, but *Robin* soon put a stop to them, and made them go to Prayers.

They had not been long at Prayers before *Robin* bid one of the Priests feel in their Pockets what the Virgin *Mary* had sent; and they all put their Hands in their Pockets and pull'd out nothing: With that *Robin* fell into a great Passion, and told them, he believed they were nothing but a Parcel of lying deceitful Knaves, to make him believe that the Virgin had sent them nothing, when they had all pray'd so heartily; therefore don't deceive one another, but each of you stand a search: So *Robin* began and search'd their Pockets, and soon found five hundred Pieces of Gold. When *Robin* saw this glorious Sight, he could not forbear calling them lying and deceitful Knaves.

So they arose up to go, but *Robin* staid them, and made them take an Oath never to tell lies to a Friar again; nor to tempt young Virgins, nor lie with

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other Men's Wives. So *Robin* got on his Horse, and rid on his Journey to merry *Sherwood*.

Robin Hood was a Man endued with a great deal of Love and Charity to the Poor, insomuch that he would relieve any poor Family in Distress.

On the contrary, he was as great an Enemy to Misers and Engrossers of Corn, for he would often take from them and give to the Poor.

For one time *Robin* being at *Wantage*, a great Market of Corn, he happen'd into a Person's Company at an Inn there, whom he knew to be a great Engrosser of Corn, and who had bought as much Corn in the Market as cost him 80 Marks, which *Robin* bought of him again, and paid him 100 Marks ready Money for it, liking it, as he pretended, far beyond any he had seen that Day. The Corn he immediately sent away, in order to distribute it amongst the Poor of the Country.

Robin understanding which Way his Corn Merchant went, was soon at his Heels, and demanded his Money again, and what he had besides: The Countryman was in a great Surprise, shaking and trembling like an Aspin-Leaf, asking him, whether he thought it Justice to take from him his Goods and Money too?

Quoth *Robin*, why han't I, you Villain, paid you for your Corn honestly; and can you assume the Impudence to talk of Justice, when there's none in the World acts more Injustice than an Engrosser of Corn? Sirrah, there's no Vermin in the Land like you, who slanders both Heaven and Earth with pretended Dearth, when there's no Scarcity at all. So talk

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no more of your Justice and Honesty, but immediately deliver your Money, or I shall crack your Crown for you.

Hereupon he delivered him a Bag, in which *Robin* found his own Money, and as much more to it; so away he went with a great deal of Satisfaction.

Another time *Robin* disguised himself like a Fisherman, and took his Progress to a Scarborough; when he came there, he happen'd into a Widow's House, who kept a Fishing-Boat of her own; and she ask'd him whence he came, and what his Name was? He told her his Name was *Simon*, and that he would do any thing for his Bread in an honest Way.

Then said the Old Woman, if you'll be my Servant, and mind my Business, I'll see that you shall want for nothing: So *Simon* agreed to the Old Woman's Proposal, and went on board.

They had not long set sail before they put *Simon* to Work; and he went about it so unhandy, that the Master wonder'd what lubberly Fellow he had got on board, and said, that he had a good Mind to fling him over board; for what Business had he here, to take up the Room of a better Man? These terrible Words made our young Sailor wish himself in merry *Sherwood* with the rest of his Companions.

The next Morning the Master spies a *French* Ship making up towards them, which put him into a most terrible and dreadful Fright, lest he should be taken Prisoner and sent to *France*. *Robin* stept up to him, and speaks a comfortable Word, and bid him not fear, but be of good Courage, and bring him his Bow and Sheaf of Arrows, and tie him to the Mast,

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and he should soon see what work he'd make with the *Frenchmen*.

With that the Master fell into a violent Passion, and told him, that he was sure such a lubberly Fellow as he was fit for nothing but to be thrown over-board.

At these Words *Robin* grew angry, and went and fetch'd his Bow and Arrows himself, and went to the Mast; and then he let several Arrows fly, and kill'd many of the *Frenchmen*: then they tied him to the Main-Mast, that he might make sure of his Mark; so he let his Arrows fly with such Swiftneſs, and so fast, that in a little time there was not a *Frenchman* to be ſeen alive: then they untied him, and he and the Master went on board the *French Ship*, where they found twelve thouſand Pounds in Gold.

When their Ship was ſettled, and all Things put in order, they took the *French Ship*, and away they ſailed with her into *Scarborough Harbour*; and *Simon* divided the Ship, and gave one half to his Dame, and the other to the Seamen; and with the twelve thouſand Pounds he built ſeveral Alms-houſes, near the Bay of *Scarborough*, for the poor Widows of that Place, with his Effigy on the Wall of the Front Houſe; and from that Time to this 'tis call'd *Robin Hood's Bay*.

Another time a Gentleman, as he was riding from *Coventry* to *London*, happen'd to meet with *Robin Hood*, and thinking him to be an honeſt Gentleman, deſir'd him to turn back, and go ſome other Way, or elſe he would certainly meet with Highwaymen, and be robb'd, for he had narrowly eſcap'd them himſelf, and

and so advis'd him, if he had any Charge about him, not to venture that Way.

I have no great Charge about me Sir, said *Robin*, however, I'll take your Advice for fear of the worst: So as they were riding along, said *Robin*, perhaps we may meet with some Rogues of the Gang by the Way, for this is an ugly robbing Road; therefore I'll secure that little I have, which is but ten Guineas, by putting it in my Mouth.

Now the Gentleman, not in the least suspecting him to be of that Profession, told him, that in case he should be set upon he had secur'd his Gold in the Feet of his Stockings, which he said was no small Quantity, and that he had receiv'd it that Day of his Tenants for Rent.

They had not gone above half a Mile farther, e'er they came into a very Bye Place, where *Robin* bid the Gentleman stand, and deliver his Money. The Gentleman was in a great Surprize, and told him he took him for a very honest Gentleman. However there was no Remedy for the Loss of his Money, which was about 90 Marks. So *Robin* left the Gentleman cursing his Folly for discovering where he had hid his Money.

Another time *Robin* had lent *Little John* his Suit of Beggars Cloaths, and *Little John* went up and down the Country a begging, being dress'd with Beggars Weeds, his Staff in his Hand, his Bags of every Sort, and his Bottle by his Side.

He had not travell'd many Days before he met with three Beggars, one blind, one lame, another dumb;

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dumb; so *John* ask'd whence they came; and whether they were going? But they refused telling him, and gave him a Knock on the Crown, and bid him take that, and go a begging his own Way; and trouble not his Head with them, for they were no Company for young Beggars.

Little John was very much enrag'd at their treating him in such a Manner, and immediately laid about him with his Staff, till he made the Blind to see, the Lame to run, and the Dumb to cry out for their Lives; and out of one of their Cloaks *Little John* pull'd three hundred Pieces of Gold, which glorious Sight pleas'd him so well, that he let them go with what they had got.

You may guess how merry he and his Companions liv'd, when all came to merry *Sherwood*; for he vow'd never to go a begging any more, nor drink Water whilst the Money lasted.

The chief Men of Courage and Bravery, next to *Robin Hood*, in his plundering Retinue, were *Little John* and *Scarlet*, whom he always took with him for his Seconds on any extraordinary Adventure.

And one Day these Blades meeting with three of the King's Foresters, whom they attempted to rob, a great Battle ensued between them, in which the Foresters behav'd themselves with a great deal of Courage and Bravery; but at length giving Ground, the Victory fell to *Robin Hood*; but because their Manner was extraordinary, *Robin* was so generous as not to rob them, but gave them a *Mark*, which is thirteen Shillings and Four-pence, to go and drink his

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his health at what Tavern or Inn they pleas'd in *Nottingham*, whither they were then going.

A little after this Rencounter, *Robin*, *Little John* and *Will Scarlet*, meeting with eleven Foresters, to whom they ow'd a Grudge, for always endeavouring to hinder them from killing any of the King's Deer; whereupon picking a Quarrel with them on the Road, from Words they fell to Blows, which falling pretty heavy on *Robin* and his Companions, insomuch that they had like to have been worsted by their superiority in Number.

At last they bent their Bows, and shot five of their Antagonists dead upon the Spot, whom they robb'd of what Money they had; as also the other six that were reviving, they bound them to a large Oak, and left them there to shift for themselves as well as they could.

The Noise of this Fight made *Robin's* Name so famous throughout the Country, that all grew fearful of him, not daring to go near the Place of his Abode; nay, they were forced to be in Fee with him, allowing him Money quarterly to pass and repass in safety.

Another time *Robin* meeting with a Butcher going to Market to sell his Meat, he bought all his Meat, and likewise his Mare of him, which came to about six Pounds: so away goes *Robin* to Market, and sells his Bargain presently, making such good Pennyworths, that the People all thought he had stole the Meat; which now being converted into Money, he puts into an Inn at *Nottingham*, and treats all his Customers to the Value of five Pounds; which coming

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ing to the Sheriff of the County's Ears, who was at the same time in the Inn, and taking him to be some prodigal Spark, of whom he might make a Penny, intrudes himself into his Company, and, after some short Discourse, asked him if he had any more Meat to sell? Not ready dress'd, said *Robin*, but I have two or three hundred Head of Cattle at home, and a hundred Acres of Land to keep them on, which if you'll buy, I'll sell you them a Pennyworth. The Sheriff snapt at his Proffer, and took four hundred Pounds in Gold along with him.

Away they rid together, but he was very much surpriz'd at the melancholy Place that *Robin* had brought him to: He told him, he wish'd they did not meet with a Man call'd *Robin Hood*, and began to wish himself back again, but 'twas then too late, for *Robin*'s winding of his Horn, presently came *Little John*, with fifty of his Companions, whom their Captain (*Robin Hood*, commanded to take the Sheriff to Dinner with them, assuring them he had Money enough to pay his Share.

Accordingly they got a Collation ready for the Sheriff, and after Dinner was over they led him into the Forest, and there took all his Gold from him, good Part of which he had borrow'd of the Inn-keeper where he met with *Robin Hood*.

Another particular Person whom *Robin* entertain'd in his Company was one *Gamwell*, who having kill'd his Father's Man, fled to him for shelter: But some time after he and three more of *Robin*'s Men being seiz'd at *Nottingham*, as they were privately making merry, they were sent to Gaol, and afterwards condemn'd to be hang'd.

Hereupon

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Hereupon *Robin* sent a Petition to the Sheriff, whom he had a little before robbed, to save their Lives: But he swore, as they belong'd to his Gang, they should certainly die.

So the Day of Execution being come, *Robin* with his hundred Men, went to rescue the Prisoners; and after they had killed the Hangman, the Sheriff, and all his Men, they made the best of their Way, and brought the Prisoners home with them.

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Here follows the comical Exploits, and merry Waggeries of Robin Hood, which he acted whilst the King was in pursuit of him, thro' these several Counties, viz. Yorkshire, Newcastle, Cumberland, Lancashire and Cheshire, and also to London.

ROBIN HOOD was a very facetious, merry and comical Man, as appears by the following Relation; for he scarce let a Day pass over his Head, without playing one Prank or other during the Time of his Absence from his Company.

He being one Time at an Inn in *Wigton* in *Yorkshire*, and hearing how barbarously the Hostler would cheat the Horses of their Provender, he privately went into the Stable, and hid himself under the Manger: A little Time after came the Hostler into the Stable, in pretence of feeding *Robin's* Horse; no sooner had he put the Oats and Beans into the Manger, and laid down his Sieve, but he swept them all into a Canvas Bag fixed under one corner of the Manger, and so away he went, *Robin* all this while kept himself secretly hid under the Manger, and saw how the Hostler managed his Matters; upon which, up he got from his private Recess, and went into the Kitchen again.

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Back, the better to screen him from being taken, by pretending to be of the Gentle-Craft, (if questioned in his way.)

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After dinner he seemed to be for going; and calling for the Reckoning, he asked the Hostler, what Corn he had given his Horse? He said, he had given him what Corn he had ordered him, and that the Gentleman that dined with him, saw him bring it thro' the Kitchen. Quoth *Robin*, don't tell me a Lye, for I shall ask my Horse presently: This saying, put all the strange Gentlemen that was with him, into Admiration.

But, above all the rest, the Inn-keeper asked him if his Horse could speak? Yes said *Robin*: That's impossible, replied the Landlord: Not at all, said *Robin*, for my Horse is taught by *Art Magick*: To fetch him hither, and you'll soon see whether the Hostler has done him Justice or not. Accordingly the Horse was fetch'd, and *Robin* striking him on the Belly, he laid his Mouth to his Masters Ear, (by Custom) just as the Pidgeon did to *Mahomet*.

Look you there now, said *Robin*, did not I tell you that the Hostler had cheated him of his Corn: Why, said the Landlord, what does he say? Say, quoth *Robin*, why he says your Hostler has flung all the Corn into a Bag placed at one corner of the Manger. Upon which the Landlord and his Guest went into the Stable and searching narrowly about the Manger, found the Bag of Corn at one Corner thereof: For which barbarous Villainy he immediately turned away his Hostler.

Robin travelled in several Disguises and would often change his Habit.

So one Time he pulled off his fine Cloaths, and dressed himself like an old Shoemaker, and put on an old Leather Apron, with Sir *Hugh*'s Bones at his Back

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The Hostler not in the least mistrusting, but that it was really the Frier, he brought him his Boots, and asked him what Corn his Horse must have? He

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Back, the better to screen him from being taken, by pretending to be of the Gentle-Craft, (if questioned in his way.)

In this Disguise he sets out to travel, and coming to a lone Inn in the Road to *Newcastle*, (it being near Night) he put in there; and being pretty liberal in his Expences, the Landlord liked him, and provided him a good Lodging, and *Robin* went to Bed betimes.

The House was full of Guests, insomuch that all their Lodgings were taken up; and a Frier coming in very late, they had no Lodging for him: The Frier, rather than go farther, chose to accept of a Bedfellow, but there was none that car'd to be disturbed at that Time of Night, but *Robin* (whom they took for a Shoemaker) was well enough pleased with having such a Bedfellow.

Well, matters being thus accommodated, and the Frier a Bed, he soon fell asleep and slept very heartily, being tired with the Fatigue of his Day's Journey: But *Robin* having slept well before, had no mind to any more Sleep that Night, but lay awake meditating Mischief, for he never loved any of that Function, so he was studying and contriving how to change Breeches with him; and after having resolved upon what he would do, he gets up at the dawning of the Day, and puts on not only the Frier's Breeches, but also his Sacerdotal or Canonical Garments.

Now *Robin* finding these sacred Habiliments fitted him very well, and being thus rigged, down Stairs he goes very softly, and calls the Hostler, bidding him bring his Boots, and make ready his Horse

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The Frier not understanding the meaning of this rude Treatment, was amazed, and asked where was his Cloaths? (the Chamberlain taking him for Sir *Hugh*) replied, where the Plague should they be

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The Hostler not in the least mistrusting, but that it was really the Frier, he brought him his Boots, and asked him what Corn his Horse must have? He told him, half a Peck of Oats; which was accordingly given him, and *Robin* was very uneasy till the Horse had eat them; but in the mean Time that he might be the sooner ready to go, he called for the Reckoning, and was answered that he had paid all last Night, but for his Horse. The Horse having eat up his Corn, he mounted him with all the Expedition imaginable; having paid for his Corn, and giving the Hostler something to drink his Health, away he rid as fast as the Friers Horse would carry him, resolving to make himself merry at the first convenient Place he came to.

But let us return to the Frier, whom he left fast asleep, not dreaming what had happened; about seven in the Morning, (it being in the Month of *June*) the Frier awaked, and going to bid his Bedfellow good morrow, he soon found, not only that the Bird was flown, but also that he was flown away with his Feathers; for he saw nothing but a Parcel of old Cloaths, which he supposed belonged to his Bedfellow.

Upon this, the Frier in a great Surprise, knocks and calls for somebody to come up; but the Servants, who supposed it to be only the old Shoemaker, asked him what a Pox ailed him to make such a Noise, and bid him be quiet, or else they'd make him so. This vex'd the Frier and made him knock the harder; upon which the Chamberlain went up, and threatened to thrash him if he made any more Noise,

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Mind, the more difficult the Enterprize was, the more Pride he took in it.

One Day *Robin* being riding for his Pleasure, as

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The Frier not understanding the meaning of this rude Treatment, was amazed, and asked where was his Cloaths? (the Chamberlain taking him for Sir *Hugh*) replied, where the Plague should they be but upon the Chair where you left them: Who the D——l do you think would meddle with your nasty Cloaths? They are not of so much worth, that you need be afraid of any Body's stealing them. The Man's mad I think, replied the Frier, do you know who you speak to? Yes I do, says the Chamberlain: If you did, said the Frier, I think you would use better Language: Better Language, says the Chamberlain, my Language is good enough for a pious drunken Shoemaker. What do you mean by a drunken Shoemaker? Why I am the Frier, said he, that came in here late last Night: The Devil you are, replied the Chamberlain; I am sure the Frier went away soon after three o'Clock this Morning.

With this the Frier jumped out of Bed in his Shirt, and taking fast hold of the Chamberlain, Sirrah, says he, produce me my Cloaths and Money, or I'll break your Neck down the Stairs.

With this Noise and Scuffle up comes the Master of the Inn, and some of the Servants, who presently discovered, that this was not the Person who they took for a Shoemaker; and upon a little Enquiry into the Matter, found that Sir *Hugh* had made an Exchange with the Frier: Upon which the Master of the Inn furnished him with a Suit of his own Cloaths, and Money to bear his Charges through his Journey.

Robin Hood was a Man that never wanted for Invention to please his own unsatisfied and wandering Mind.

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Mind, the more difficult the Enterprize was, the more Pride he took in it.

One Day *Robin* being riding for his Pleasure, as he was returning home in the Evening, very well mounted, and dressed very much like a Gentleman, coming near *Turnton-Bridge*, in *Yorkshire*, he perceived from a Rising-ground, a Gentleman walking in his Gardens, which were indeed very fine, and of a large Extent : Then *Robin* rid up to the Gardener, who was standing at a Back Door, and enquired of him whether a Gentleman, whose curiosity had led him to see those famous Gardens, might not have the Liberty of taking a Walk in them.

The Gardener knowing his Master was willing that any Person, appearing in good Fashion, might walk therein, gave him admittance. Then *Robin* alighting he gave the Gardener his Horse to hold ; and seeing the Gentleman in the Walks, *Robin* paid his Respects to him in a very submissive Manner ; withall desiring that he would pardon his Presumption of coming into his Gardens, when his Worship was therein recreating himself.

The courteous Knight told him, he was very welcome, and invited him to see his Wilderness ; where sitting down in an Harbour, they began to talk very merrily together ; and at the latter End of their Discourse, *Robin* told him, that he heard he was a very charitable Gentleman, and that he must now make bold with him, to borrow that little Money which he had about him, for he had but little himself, and that he had a long way to travel.

At these Words the Gentleman began to startle, and was very much surprized at his Impudence : But

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Robin told him, he was a dead Man, if he made any Resistance : Then he tied him to a Tree, and went away with a large Booty ; but he bid the Gentleman be of good Cheer, for he would send one presently to relieve him : And accordingly going to the Gardener, who held his Horse all this while, giving him a Nine-penny Piece, quoth *Robin*, honest Friend, your Master wants to speak with you : Then mounting he rid presently off the Ground, whilst the Gardener made haste to his Master, and was very much surprized to find him bound in that Manner ; but he immediately loosed him, and the Gentleman returned his Servant many Thanks for sending a Rogue to rob him in his own Garden.

Another Time *Robin Hood* was walking seriously by himself, with a Quarter-staff on his Shoulder, near *Cumberland*, and meeting with a Countryman, he asked what Money he had about him ; he replied, he used not to carry much Money about him, for fear of robbing. Whereupon *Robin* commanded him to fall to Prayers, and at the same Time pulled out of his Pocket a little Book, and falls on his Knees, making the Countryman do the like ; but he knew not what to think of these commanding Words, and had rather have been in another Place to make his Orisons ; for without doubt his Devotion was much abated by his Fear ; yet notwithstanding he was forc'd to kneel down, and wait the Issue of the Pious Adventure.

When *Robin* had mumbled three or four Words betwixt his Teeth, feigning an extraordinary Devotion, he enquired of the Countryman how it far'd with him, telling him withal, that Heaven was not ungrateful to the pious Addressees of devout Petitioners ; therefore he bid him feel in his Pockets, and see

see what God had sent him, which the Countryman did, but pretending he could find nothing, upon which *Robin* feeling in his own Pockets, he pulls out a Nine-penny Piece, telling him withal, that certainly he did not pray heartily, therefore it was necessary he should pray again, telling him, that if he looked directly towards Heaven he needed not fear, nay, it could not be otherwise, but he must get something as well as he, and then pulls out of his Pocket a Thirteen-pence halfpenny Piece, and still the Countryman could find nothing in his, and indeed rather prayed, that there might be nothing found there.

Hereupon *Robin* fell to Prayers again, the third Time, and produced a Noble, which is six Shillings and Eight-pence, and seeing that the Countryman was still upon the Negative, he told him, that one of these two Things must needs be: That either he did not pray with Zeal and Devotion, or else he would not let him know how liberal Heaven had been to him, for said he, how else can it come to pass that my Prayers should be rather heard than yours; for if you prayed with as much devotion as you make outward shew of, you must needs have gained considerably, therefore I'm resolved to see the up-shot of this: So he put his Hand into the Countryman's Pocket, for it was to no purpose to resist him, and found there twenty Pieces of Gold, at which they were both amazed, the one seemingly for the Liberality of Heaven, and the other for the Loss of his Money.

Yet however, *Robin* dealt with him better than he expected, for after he had upbraided him a little with his sham Pretences of having no Money in his Pockets and saying, what you hypocritical Rogue, you would have

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have cheated me, and not let me share with you, tho' we made an Agreement so to do, before we went to Prayers. Good Lord! how few are the Just upon Earth.

Well, says *Robin*, to punish you for your Wickedness, I shall keep what Heaven has sent into your Pockets; but however, that you may not want on the Road, take what I have got by praying, and when you get home, acquaint your Neighbours with what an honest Gentleman you met, who gave you 8s. and 6d. altho' you went about to cheat him of twenty broad Pieces.

Robin Hood played more Pranks than any one Man in the World; and I think the following is as comical and bold a one as any.

He having notice of the return of a certain rich Merchant from *Lancashire*, he dressed himself in Womens Apparel, and rid along till he got sight of his intended Prey. Then laying himself down in the Road (having hid his Horse in a Wood) with piteous Cries and Lamentation, accusing Heaven and Earth as the Cause of all his Misfortunes.

The Merchant being a Man of a brisk and airy Temper, and one who well understood the Delights of Female Conversation, was not a little moved with his happy Surprizal, imagining himself in an easy possession of a singular Beauty: For indeed *Robin*, tho' a Man, had a Countenance wherein there appeared so much Delicacy and Sweetness, but there were few Women but would have been proud of possessing such Features: With which the Merchant was so charmed, that he alighted from his Horse, and enquired of *Robin* the Cause of these his dismal Complaints,

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Complaints, who counterfeiting the Woman rarely well, told him a long Story of her piteous Adventures (without pulling off her Mask) that she had been to see some of her Kindred, and was left there by her Brother upon some small distaste received, so that she could do no otherwise than lament her Misfortune, and curse the Time she set out with him, her Honour being, thro' this occasion, so much endangered.

The Merchant hearing this Discourse, (poor Man) imagines there must be some Truth in it.

So setting himself down near this godly Creature, begins to enter into amorous Discourses, and lewd Actions, *Robin* making small Resistance only crying out (whore like) that now she was going to be undone, ruin'd and lost for ever. *Atas, Sir* (said she) what do you mean? What will you do to me? Pray forbear, I cannot indeed; away, I pray ye; I am as yet a Maid, I beseech you let me alone, you'll hurt me, pish, fie, I took you for another sort of a Man, what, lose my Honour more dear than my Life; away, for you strive in vain.

However, the Merchant comforted her with many fair Promises, and taking her by the Hand, led her to the Entrance of a Wood.

Robin seeing it now time to draw his Game to a Close, told him, that seeing her Misfortunes so ordered it, that she would fall into his Hands, she hoped he would do her the Favour to advance farther into the Wood, that she might not be openly and shamefully prostituted: Yet still sobb'd and cry'd; calling a thousand Times on death

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to succour her, as if she had been greatly dissatisfied at this Encounter.

Upon this, the Merchant goes on with her to the most solitary Place of the Wood, where being ready to execute his filthy Design, *Robin* draws a Ponyard out of his Bosom, and struck him thro' one of his Arms, with which Wound he was disabled to defend himself; then his supposed Female Beauty rifled his Pockets, in which he found two or three Purfes of Gold, and then rid strait off with his Booty.

A little after this Exploit, *Robin* happened into another as profitable: For coming into an Inn near *Buckingham*, he heard a great Singing and Dancing; he enquired the Reason thereof, and found it was a Country Wake, at which were present most of the young Men and Maids for several Miles round about.

So *Robin* setting up his Horse in the same Inn, as he was drinking in the Kitchen, an old rich Farmer came in, with a hundred Marks tied up in a Bag, under his Arm, which he had just received; and he must needs step into this Inn, to see their Mirth and Pastime, instead of going directly home with his Money, which was not above a quarter of a Mile from the Town. *Robin* seeing him admitted into the Room where the Wake was kept, he asked the Landlord, whether he might be permitted to see this Country Diversion without any offence to the Company; the Landlord told him, he might and welcome, so he entered the Room likewise; but *Robin's* Eyes were more fixed upon the old Farmer's Bag of Money, than the young Folks dancing; and observing in the Room where they were, that there was a Chimney with a large Funnel, he went out and communicated his design to the Hostler, who for a Reward,

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ward, dressed up a great Mastiff Dog in a Cow-hide that he had in the Stable, placing the Horns just on his Forehead; when in the Height of their Jollity, by the help of a Ladder and a Rope, he let him hastily down the Chimney into the Room where they were all assembled; and *Robin* was returned again before the acting of this Scene; the Dog howling hideously as he descended, and rushing among them in that frightful Form, turned all into a Hurry and Confusion: The Musick silenced, the Tables overthrown; the Drink spilt, the People screaming, and crowding to get down Stairs as fast as they could, every one striving to be foremost, lest the Devil (as they supposed this to be) should take the hindmost; their Heels flew up, the Women's Coats over their Heads and Tails, whilst their Back-strings loosing, gave full flushes, and made them in a very unsavory Condition, all the musical Instruments were trod and broken to pieces, and the supposed Devil making his way over all, got into the Stable, where the Hostler hastened after him to uncase him.

Some time after coming a little to their Senses, looking about them, and seeing no more of this supposed *Demon*, they all concluded he was vanished into the Air.

But during the Time of this Hurlyburly, the old Farmer being in as dread'ul a Fright as any of them, and his Breeches as well besoul'd, he drop'd his hundred Marks, and fled for Safety; the mean Time *Robin* securing the Money under his Cloak, he immediately took Horse, and made the best of his Way.

But as soon as all Things were in a little Order again, there was a sad Outcry for the hundred Marks, which being not to be found, the Company supposed the

54 *The famous History of Robin Hood.*

the late Devil had taken it away, and imputed the Loss as a Judgment inflicted on the Farmer, who was a covetous Wretch, one whose Study was how to cozen this Tenant, beggar that Widow, or to undo some Orphan, or any body, so he cou'd get their Money.

Another time *Robin* was riding towards *London*, and being on *Dunsmore-Heath*, he met with *William Longchamp*, then Bishop of *Ely*, with a small Retinue of about four or five in Number.

So *Robin* rides up very briskly to one of the Men, whom he pretended to know: Ah! *Tom*, says he, I'm glad with all my Heart I'm come up with you, for there's whipping Doings abroad: why, there's nothing but robbing go where one will. I have got a great Charge of Money about me myself; but since I have the good Luck to get up with these honest Gentlemen, I am not in fear of losing it; egad, let the Rogues come now if they dare, I'm resolved to have a Slap at them myself.

This Discourse which *Robin* had with the Man made his Lordship and his Retinue think him to be a very honest Fellow, and they held a great deal of Chat with him on the Road; till at last an Opportunity favouring his Intention, quoth he, to the Bishop's Attendants, I'm very dry, and since you are pleas'd to give me Protection from Danger as far as I shall go your Way, I'll ride before, and see if I can get any good Liquor to treat you for your Civility, and shall be glad to find any worth your Acceptance.

Accordingly *Robin* set Spurs to his Horse, and away he rode as swift as if it had been for a Wager: when being out of Sight, he quickly tied his Horse

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to a Tree in a thick Wood, which was on one Side of the Road thro' which the Bishop was to pass; and *Robin* making what haste he could back again to the Company, quoth he, O Gentlemen! I'm ruined and undone; for in yonders Lane meeting with two Rogues, they have robb'd me of all I had; they have taken above forty Marks from me; but the Villains being but indifferently mounted, I don't doubt but that if you were to pursue 'em you'd soon take 'em.

This News put them into a Consternation, and the Bishop pitying *Robin's* Loss, as he pretended, quoth he to his Servants, Let the poor Fellow shew you which Way the Rogues took, and go all of you after them as fast as you can, and take them if possible.

They obeyed the Bishop's Commands, taking *Robin* along with them; and when they came into a narrow Lane, he gave them the necessary Directions for pursuing the Highwaymen, and away they rode as fast as their Horses could carry them to catch the Rogues.

But *Robin's* Business was with the Bishop, and back he goes immediately, and said to him, Sir, my Time is but very short, and very precious too, therefore you must deliver what Money you have, or expect the worst of Usage.

The Bishop was very much surprized at his Impudence, but not knowing how to help himself, he was forced to give him two hundred and fifty Marks, and then *Robin* making all the Expedition he could to the Wood, where he mounted his Horse, and rid off with his Prize.

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A little while after the Bishop being met by his Servants, they told him they could not hear of the Rogues high nor low: Quoth the Bishop, the greatest Rogue has been with me; for he that pretended to be robb'd of forty Marks has just now made up the Loss, by robbing me of six times as much Money; but for his Sake I shall never put Confidence in a Man that pretends to too much honesty.

Robin Hood being at an Inn in *Lancashire*, the Hostler went about to betray him, and he very narrowly escaped being taken: So *Robin* meeting him one Day as he was going to *London*, in order to improve his Money which he had saved in Service, it being near fifty Marks, *Robin* e'en sav'd him the Labour, by taking it all from him, which made the Hostler cry out, he was utterly ruined and undone, for that was all the Money he had in the World, therefore he hop'd he would be so tender-hearted as to restore it him again. Yes, yes, replied *Robin*, when you are hang'd: besides, where was your tender Heart when you went to betray me, and to have me taken? No, no, you cheating Rogue, I'll not give you any back again, go and get more the same Way as you got this, for I know you have still got certain Charms for a Horse's Mouth.

In former Times the Kings of *England* had not Horse-Guards and Foot-Guards as they have in these latter Reigns, but would travel the Country with only a few Noblemen to attend him.

Thus King *Richard* the First taking a Progress into the North of *England*, which *Robin Hood* hearing of, was resolv'd to rob him: So taking sixty of his Followers along with him, they waylaid the King between *Grantham* and *Newark*; and first they attack'd

58 *The famous History of Robin Hood.*

came good Subjects, the being always interceeding with the King to pardon him and all his Outlaws, for the apprehending of whom he had issued out several Proclamations: So conducting the Queen safe

his Attendants, one of whom they kill'd for being obstinate, and not surrendering what he had, and then pillag'd them every one.

Then coming up to the King, quoth *Robin Hood*, May it please you my Leige, we are Gentlemen that live by our Bows and Arrows, and sometimes by our Swords and Quarter-Staves, which we are obliged to use when People deny paying us Tribute for the Privilege of travelling thro' our Territories, which extend thro' *Yorkshire*, *Northamptonshire*, and *Lincolnshire*: but, my Leige, we suppose you to be a Person of greater Honour and Generosity than to make Words, or contend for a Trifle; we have the good Opinion of you, that you will oblige us so far as to give us what Gold you have about you, without giving us the Trouble of using any Violence upon your Person.

Hereupon the King seeing it was in vain to resist *Robin Hood's* Power, he gave him a Purse, in which was about a hundred Pieces of Gold. But no sooner was he got out of *Robin's* Clutches, but he swore he would certainly hang him whenever he was taken: and so he proceeded on his Journey to the City of *York*, where he staid some time, for the Queen was to meet him there.

Within a Week she set out after the King, of which *Robin* also hearing, he cloath'd himself and a hundred Men all in fine green Cloaths, richly laced with broad Silver Lace, and white Feathers in their Hats: Being then mounted every one on a white Steed, they met the Queen about the same Place where they had a little before robbed her Husband; but instead of robbing her Majesty, they paid her all the Homage, Reverence, and Allegiance that be-



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came good Subjects, the being always interceeding with the King to pardon him and all his Outlaws, for the apprehending of whom he had issued out several Proclamations : So conducting the Queen safe thro' the County, within four or five Miles of *York*, they took their Leaves of her, and then retir'd home.

Robin Hood continued in his licentious Course of Life above twenty Years; when falling sick, was then struck with Remorse of Conscience for all his former Misdeeds and unlawful Practiees : upon which he privately withdrew himself to a Monastery in *Yorkshire*, where being let Blood by a Monk, he bled to Death, aged 43 Years, and was buried in *Kinsley*, with this Epitaph on his Grave Stone :

Here underneath this Marble Stone,
Thro' Death's Assault now lieth one,
Known by the Name of **ROBIN HOOD**,
Who was a Thief and Archer good ;
Full twenty Years, or somewhat more,
He robb'd the Rich to feed the Poor ;
Therefore his Grave bedew with Tears,
And offer for his Soul your Prayers.

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THE
HISTORY
OF
JOHNNY ARMSTRONG,
OF
WESTMORELAND.

How in his youthful Days, following the Wars abroad in the Holy Land and other Countries, he learned the Art of War, and came off with great Applause; and after his Return, he settled at Guiltnock-Hall, in Westmoreland: Of the noble Entertainment he gave to his Hundred and Sixty Men.

IN the Reign of King James the First of England, and Sixth of Scotland, there happened to live in Westmoreland, a brave and jolly Man, named Johnny Armstrong, who made it his Business to keep up the good and laudable Customs of Charity, supplying the
Poor

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Poor with Necessaries, as Cloaths and Food, never denying any that asked him: So that for his Liberality he was famed every where, and extremely beloved by all, as well by his Rich Neighbours, as his Poor ones. And tho' he had no Fee or Estate, yet there was such a Providence upon his Industry, which he used many Ways, as in buying and selling Forests of Timber, breeding Cattle, and the like, that his Store vastly increased, inso-much that a great Man wondered how he could live at the Rate he did, not well knowing how his Income should maintain it; for he building a long Hall had a Table in it Furnished every Day, sufficient for Eight-score Men, which he not only fed, but kept, cloathed and maintained, in all other Matters; having Horse and Arms upon Occasion, for the Defence of his Country, ready for them to Mount, taking great delight to Exercise them, he having been trained up in Foreign Lands, fighting against the *Turks* and *Saracens* many Years in his youthful Days, and had done great Exploits, which caused him by many to be stiled the Champion of the *North*, so that he kept the Borders very much in Subjection.

His Mansion was called *Guiltnock-Hall*, as is famed to this Day for his living in it, there being small Houses standing in the same Place, bearing the Name to this Time.
However,



The History of Johnny Armstrong. 61

However, the large Ruins shew it has been a Place very famous in former Times; for upon digging, the Workmen found the Foundation very spacious, and some of them had the good luck to light upon Earthen Pots, wherein was the Coin of several Kings, to the great enriching of them; and they called it *Johnny Armstrong's Bounty Money*.

Upon these Things he employed himself till he was forty Years of Age, without being Married, tho' several rich Offers were made him of wealthy young Maidens.

This made him consider of altering his Condition, not so much for the desire of Marriage, as for having an Heir to keep up the Grandeur of his Hospitality, and to carry his Name to Posterity, and being descended of a very ancient and worthy Family, Some of which are living to this Day.

How

The History of Johnny Armstrong. 63

Johnny having appointed the Day when he would come and solemnize the Nuptials, and fetch her Home to his House: in order



How being settled, and living gallantly, he fell in Love with a Gentleman's Daughter; and of the splendid Entertainment he made, and how thereupon he was taken for the King.

JOHNNY Armstrong's Thoughts of Marriage were no sooner known, but out of Respect, the Gentry and others in the Country had for him, many suitable Matches were proposed: But as for Riches, he lightly regarded them, relying wholly on the Bounties and Goodness of Providence: he resolv'd to make Choice of one that was handsome, ingenuous and virtuous; and it was not long e'er he saw one, as he was passing through a Market Town, that he thought he could fancy; and upon Enquiry, he found she was a Gentleman's Daughter, (tho' of a mean Fortune.) Her Father being fallen much to decay by the Losses he had in his Estate and Goods: But this made no difference between them; for the Gentleman was glad to put of his Daughter so well; and Johnny was as well pleased on the other hand, that he met with so virtuous and modest a Woman, not without a sufficiency of Beauty likewise to please him.

Johnny

looks fair and promising without; tho' my mean Fortune can afford but lean commons within; go down, and tell them I am not

The History of Johnny Armstrong. 63

Johnny having appointed the Day when he would come and solemnize the Nuptials, and fetch her Home to his House; in order to which, he arrayed his Eight-score Men in Purple, laced all with gold and silver Lace, with Silver hilted Swords, embroidered Belts, gilt Spurs, and Plumes of white Feathers in their Bonnets, and well mounted; he riding in most gallant Attire, at the Head of them; so that the People of the Towns, thro' which they passed, took him for the King: They ran before him, throwing up their Hats and shouting; nor could he himself hardly persuade them to the contrary.

Nay, his fair Mistress was of the same Opinion of the People, when knocking at the Gate, and seeing her Father's House surrounded with so gallant a Troop, fancied it could be none else but the King, and that he might have been Hunting in those Parts, and so came thither for Entertainment.

Upon this she ran and awaked her Father, (for it was yet early) and told him, that the King was come with a numerous Train to visit him.

God forbid, said the Father, what shall we do then? We shall be all undone! For all the Provision for thy Wedding will not be a Mouthful for them; indeed the House
looks

The History of Johnny Armstrong. 65

fancying he had invited all the Men in ten Counties: But when he told him, they were such as usually attended him, when he went upon any important Affair, his wonder: the

64 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

looks fair and promising without; tho' my mean Fortune can afford but lean commons within; go down, and tell them I am not at home; that I am sick, or any thing to put them off; for better so, than to pretend to entertain them; when we know we cannot do it; better strain a Compliment, than be disgraced, or at least be obliged to fast for it, I know not how long after.

Upon this, down she went, and peeping thro' the Wicket, demanded what brought them to her Father's House? To which *Johnny Armstrong* replied, my promise to you, that I would this Day make you my Wife. Upon this, knowing his Voice, and looking on him, she could not but fancy him to be what she before thought, till he alighted, and saluted her kindly; assuring her he was no other than *Johnny Armstrong*, of *Guilt-nock-Hall*, in *Westmoreland*.

Upon this the Gates being thrown open, she conducted him in, and running up to her Father, told him who it was; whereupon he came instantly down, and kindly welcom'd him.

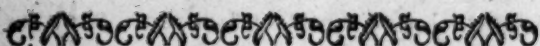
But when he saw his Train, he blessed himself to know what he meant by bringing such a Number of Men so bravely accouter'd, fancying,

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The History of Johnny Armstrong. 65

fancying he had invited all the Men in ten Counties : But when he told him, they were such as usually attended him, when he went upon any important Affair, his wonder the more increased : For tho' he had heard that he daily relieved abundance of Poor, he could not believe he kept so many Men in such a Garb.

How



How he was Married, and of the noble Entertainment he made, the Number of his Servants and Attendants, and how he invited the whole Country to his Wedding, &c.

NOW Matters being at this pass, the Pages had the Care of the Horses, whilst the Men alight to refresh themselves, tho' all the Liquor in the House was not a Mornings Draught for them; which made the old Gentleman (the Father) conclude, that this would be a Fasting Day, instead of a Feasting Wedding.

But whilst these Doubts and Fears shook him like a Palsy, all on a sudden came *Johnny Armstrong's* Cooks and Scullions twenty in Number, with a Caravan of Provision ready to dress; after them his Butlers, being eight in Number, with another Caravan of Wine, Cyder, and other Liquors, so that it seemed, when taken out, a Plenty sufficient to have supplied a little City against a Siege.

So to work went the Cooks, whilst he and his Bride bravely mounted, rode attended by

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by his Men, to the Church, making such a glorious Show, that the Country had never seen the like before. The People having notice of it, came far and near to be Spectators, some giving out, (especially the ignorant Sort) that Squire *Leonard's* Daughter had married the King for certain, for as he came out of the Church, he gave a hundred Marks to be distributed amongst the Poor, which they fancied none but a King could do.

So when they came home, after the Wine of diverse Nations had gone briskly about, they found the Table covered with all manner of Varieties that Sea, Earth, or Air could afford; as Fowl, Fish, Flesh, Fruits, and other Dainties, and yet above half was not brought in, so that they were obliged for want of room in the House to have Tables spread in the Court-yard, for the Porter was ordered to make Proclamation that all comers should be welcome that Day.

And so till Night they drank and feasted most plentifully, and then his Music and his Masqueraders diverted the Company till Bed Time, tho' indeed, there was not a Lodging for a fourth Part of them. In short, open House was kept all Night, and *Johnny Armstrong* finding the Inconveniency of staying there any longer, took his leave of his Father

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68 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

ther-in-Law the next Morning, and conveyed his Fair Bride home with him in great State, and with her he lived very comfortably and happily, supplying her Father's Wants on all Occasions, with Provision and Money, and made the remaining Part of his Life very comfortable and happy.

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How having carried his fair Bride home, she was magnificently entertained; and also how he had afterwards diverse Encounters with the Scots.

Johnny Armstrong being now at home, he settled all Things in such good Order in that Country, that the King of *England* sent him Thanks for the Care he took in protecting Passengers from Robbers and Thieves, as likewise from the plundering *Scots*, whom he made many times go short home. Wherefore they mortally hated him, and contrived many Plots and Stratagems to intrap and betray him: but having his Guard of merry old true-hearted Blades about him, he always came off with flying Colours.

Now during these Transactions his Wife was brought to bed of a fine Boy, which greatly rejoiced the Parents Hearts. So that there was splendid Entertainment prepared for the Christening, and all the Country almost was there, for the Fame thereof rung far and near.

In the Middle of this Joy Johnny had Notice, that a great Party of *Scots* were advanc'd within

70 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

within ten Miles of his Seat, ravaging and plundering the Country, insomuch that the People came flying before them. But *Johnny* and his Men soon mounted, and gave them Battle on the Borders of the Country, and overthrew them with such a woeful Slaughter, that very few return'd again to *Carlisle* to tell their Story.

These, and such Encounters and Depredations, caus'd an open War between the two Nations, which had been quiet for some time.

King Edward of *England* marching towards *Scotland*, entered it with a very great Army, but very ill disciplined; for the *Scotch* Historians say, that they were a hundred thousand in Number, besides Women, Lacqueys, and other Servants, many carrying their whole Families with them, to settle when *Scotland* should be over-run.

But Fortune was now against the *English*, though hugging themselves in Security, and over Confidence in their Number; for in a mortal Battle at a Place called *Bannocksbourn*, *Robert*, the *Scots* King, setting upon them, utterly vanquished them with a much less Number, killing about ten thousand of them, with the Earl of *Gloucester*, and two hundred Knights and 'Squires: And on the *Scots*
Side

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Side about six thousand were killed, with diverse Noblemen and Gentlemen; but the Scots pursuing their Success, won *Westmoreland* and *Cumberland*.

Our famous *Armstrong* was not at this Battle; but was extremely surprized at it, and would have persuaded the retreating *English*, to whose Assistance he was going, to rally and face about; but wanting a warlike Prince to lead them, it proved ineffectual.

And now it was that *Johnny* found himself constrained to become a Subject to the King of *Scotland*, or leave his fair Seat, which he resolved not to do, tho' his Wife and Father-in-Law earnestly desired him to do it, considering what he had done against that Nation; and told him, that he could not but think, that now it was in their Power, they would revenge themselves to the utmost.

But *Johnny Armstrong* being a Man of an undaunted Courage, told them, that he had been brought up a Soldier, and what he had done was according to the Laws of Arms, and what even a generous Enemy could not only approve of, but commend him for; besides, in a little time, all might be won back by the *English*. And therefore he not being used to despair in Providence, or subject to Fear, would not remove from a Place he so

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72 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

dearly loved, upon Suggestions of Dangers that might never happen, lest the World might impute it to Cowardice, which he never was guilty of.

These Words made them silent; and he still went on in his generous Ways of living, keeping open House, and doing all the Good he could, even to the Poor of either Nation, without Indifferency, that no Exceptions might be taken.

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How he was persuaded to leave Guilt-nock-Hall, and to retire from the Scottish Revenge, and great Commotions arising by the Landing of the Danes and Redshanks: how he was suspected upon the false Accusation of a Lord; how the King invited him to Edinburgh to destroy him, and he promised to go.

DURING these Stirs the *Danes* and *Redshanks*, two bloody Northern Nations, made great Havock in the Western Isles of Scotland, where they landed; and with them joined some of the discontented *Scots*, as well Noblemen as others; so that the King knew not who to trust, for many proved treacherous on whom he seemed most to rely. This vexed the King, and made him suspicious even of his own Friends, so that he imprisoned many of them out of Fear, lest they should join with the *English*, who were making Preparations to recover what they had so shamefully lost with the Northern Enemy. To whom flock'd a great many Outlaws and idle Persons, who supposed, in the midst of Spoil and Plunder, they should be enrich'd
with

74 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

with the Goods and Chattels that others had industriously labour'd for.

These Proceedings made many of the great ones whom he sent to refuse to come to him, lest they should be clapt up as others had been; and then what Accusations might be brought against them they knew not.

This made him clap his Hand on his Breast, (looking on those that were about him) and, with a Sigh, said, Ah! is *Scotland* so full of Treachery, that never a Man, from the highest to the lowest Degree, dare appear before his King when he is sent for?

Hereupon an Officer of his Household standing up, and then bowing low, said, May it please your Majesty, there is one *Johnny Armstrong* in *Westmoreland*, a vallant and trusty Man, who, I believe, may do you Service. What is he, said the King, or his Ability? Why, replied the Officer, he lives very splendidly, gives noble Entertainments to all Comers and Goers, and yet I never heard he had any Lands to maintain it. Then, said the King, he must live by Plunder and Robbery; and there are too many such in this Kingdom: But does he keep any Men to attend him, said the King? Yes, replied the Officer, he always maintains eighty-score gallant Fellows, bravely attired; and
when

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when he goes abroad they ride with him, well mounted and armed, being all likewise well disciplin'd.

Whilst this Dialogue held, in came a Lord, whom *Armstrong* and his Men had a little before the Fight at *Bannocksbourn* routed on the Borders, and rescued a Booty of Cattle taken from the poor *English* Country People, and had challenged him at single Combat, but he durst not answer him.

The King demanded of this Lord, if he knew one *Johnny Armstrong*, of *Westmoreland*? and what he was? Know him, replied he, yes, (may it please your Majesty) and so does all your poor Subjects on this and the other Side of the *Tweed*: he has been a bitter Enemy to our Country, and is like to continue the same, when the *English*, who are now, I hear, preparing to make an Attempt upon us; and unless your Majesty can get him into your Hands, and destroy him, and the Nest of Rebels he keeps, your new Conquests will never be secur'd to you.

This false and malicious Report so incens'd the King against this just and valiant Man, that he resolv'd, if possible, to seek his Destruction, without enquiring any farther into the Matter; proposing to go with Forces, and immediately to fall upon him: But that

was

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was objected against, lest, upon Notice of their March, he should retire into the *English* Territories, and become yet a more implacable and dangerous Enemy.

Therefore it was thought adviseable, in a secret Council call'd for that Purpose, that he should be sent for to *Edinburgh*, under fair Pretences of Friendship, and there he and his Train be all cut off.

This was agreed on as proper ; whereupon the King writ to him the following Letter.

WE having heard much of the Fame of you, our dear and loving Subject, and your great Bounty, and your many singular Virtues have raised such Admiration in us, that we could do no less at this Time, than take Notice of one who is beloved of all the common People, and may be so greatly serviceable to us, at a Time when Things go so badly : Therefore I shall not command, but earnestly desire you, on the first Sight of this our Letter, to repair to us, at our City of *Edinburgh*, and all your Attendants, where you shall be heartily welcome ; and for your safe Conduet, this our Letter, with our Royal Word and solemn Promise, shall be a sufficient Pledge and Security.

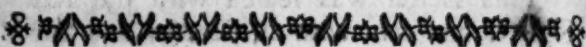
Robert Rex.

This

The History of Johnny Armstrong. 77

This Letter was sealed with the King's Signet, and sent with all Secrecy and Speed, and he received it as soon as he came from Hunting; and after handsomely treating the Messenger, and faithfully promising to wait on the King the next Day, he dismissed him.

How



How he went bravely attended with his Eightscore Men to Edinburgh, notwithstanding the many Presages that forbid it; the Discourse he had with the King, who charged him wrongfully as a Traytor, and ordered him and his Men to be hang'd: How they fought the King's Guards, and the whole City ran down with Blood, and he and all his Men were slain, but his Page; and how his little Son promised to revenge his Father's Death.

THE valiant *Johnny Armstrong*, being a little surprized at this Invitation, to think what the Reason should be, and therefore communicated it to his Friends, in order to have their Opinions, but they were as much in the Dark as himself: But however, since he had received the King's Letter of Conduct, and his Word was passed, they all agreed to his going, except his Wife, who was full of fear for him, and dreaded some Mischief would ensue.

Whereupon he ordered his Men to be ready against the next Morning, and to put
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The History of Johnny Armstrong. 79

on their best Apparel, being Velvet Coats laced with three broad Gold Laces; and Scarlet Cloaks with five Rows of Silver Lace, as being the most modish Fashion of those Times: They also put on their Gold embroidered Belts, which were made to hang over their Shoulders, and every one a Falchion by his Side, with a silver Handle; a Buckler of Steel, and Plumes of White Feathers in their Bonnets.

In the Morning they were up with the Sun, and having immediately put themselves in array to march; all on a sudden the glorious Luminary that shone so bright at its ascending the Horizon, was instantly clouded and overcast, and Thunder began to rumble in the Air, which are the Fore-runners of Rain and Whirlwinds; but there being some Signs of clearing up, he resolved to set forward.

But first he went to take leave of his dearly beloved Wife, and his little Son, kissing and embracing them very tenderly, the Tears fell from his Eyes, contrary to their wonted Use, and his manly Courage failed him, and all on a sudden he grew Melancholy, not being able to give any Reason for it, notwithstanding his Wife's Intreaties, and his Sons Tears proved too weak to stay him: So with kind Farewells they parted as

H

they

80 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

they hoped but for a little Time, but it proved a long one.

As they rid thro' several *Towns*, the People flocked in great Numbers to see their Bravery; at last they came to the flow'ry Banks of *Tweed*, which divides *England* from *Scotland*, over this River they passed, and so rode on towards *Edinburgh*: He sent word before of his coming, lest so great a Troop might make the City shut up their Gates on a sudden, for fear of a Surprise.

No sooner had the King Notice of this, but he gave Orders for his Guards to be all ready at the first Warning, to execute his Command.

But when *Johnny Armstrong* came into his Presence, so nobly attended, he began to think it might be some Foreign Prince come to pay him a Visit, instead of one of his own Subjects: Wherefore, upon his low bowing, the King moved his Bonnet to him in a courteous Manner, bidding him stand up. But he was no sooner informed who it was, but the Scene was altered, and his courteous Behaviour was turned into reproaches, and the hateful Names of Villain, Traytor, Enemy to *Scotland*, Thief, Robber, and much more of this unexpected Language, which very much surprized him.

Upon

The History of Johnny Armstrong. 81

Upon which he bended one Knee to the Ground, and begged his Majesty's Pardon if he had done any thing to offend him, and as for his coming thither, he said it was in Obedience to his Majesty's Letter, which promised him better Entertainment; and therefore humbly desired to know to what End he was sent for, offering his utmost Service to his Majesty, if he pleased to accept.

No, Traytor replied the King in a Rage, I need none of thy Service, and as for the fair Promises in my Letter, 'twas to decoy you and your Nest of Thieves hither: And lastly, the Cause of my sending for you was to hang you and all your Men, which shall be done by Eight o'Clock To-morrow Morning.

At this the bold *Englishman* rising up unconcerned, and without Fear, desired he might justify himself, and his Men, and clear up the false Report his Majesty had heard of them: But the Lord who had first accused him and his Men, incensing the King still against him, his Request was denied; and the Guards which were about two Thousand, had the Signal to drag them to Goal, and the next Morning to execute them.

Ah! says *Armstrong*, hast thou thus broke thy Word with me, thus basely to ensnare

82 *The History of Johnny Armstrong.*

and destroy me and my Men? Well, we are Men, and like Men we'll die, if it must be so; and *Scotland* shall buy our Lives at a dear Rate. Upon that, looking about him, and encouraging his Men to follow his Example, he drew his trusty Sword, and making at the King thro' the thickest of his Guards, struck at him with such a Fury, that he had taken off his Head at the Stroke, had he not nimbly avoided it, by falling on the Ground.

Armstrong's Men seeing their Leader engaged among so many Swords, immediately drew, and so laid about them that all the Place was slippery with Blood, driving those that remained unslain, out of the Palace, into the open Streets, whilst the Cry arose through all the City, as if it had been taken by Storm; so that at last three Thousand more coming upon the Heroick *Armstrong*, being tired with the Slaughter of his Enemies, and faint with Wounds and loss of Blood, after some staggering he fell to the Ground, still calling out to his Men, encouraging them to fight on, telling them, That after he had bled a little, he'd rise and help them again. This Encouragement made them like raging Lions, making such Havock and Slaughter, that heaps of dead Bodies barr'd up the Way; till at last they were over-powered by fresh Numbers; and seeing no way of an honourable

The History of Johnny Armstrong. 83

able Retreat, they all like valiant Men, died in their Masters Cause, leaving a Bloody Victory; for there were killed of the Scots by their Hands, five thousand Citizens and Soldiers. The King in the mean Time was retired to a strong Castle for Shelter. And of all *Armstrong's* Party only a little Page escaped to tell the dismal Story.

The great grief that it was to his Widow, and all the Country round about, is impossible to relate: But the little Son of this famous *Johnny Armstrong*, sitting on his Nurses Knee, vowed he would revenge his Father's Death; which when he arrived to be a Man he as gallantly performed.



A

S O N G.

*Shewing how JOHNNY ARMSTRONG,
and his Eightscore Men fought a
bloody Battle with the Scotch King
at Edinburgh.*

 S there ever a Man in all *Scotland*,
From the greatest Estate to the
meanest Degree,
That can shew his Face before
the King,
Scotland is so full of Treachery.

Yes, there is a Man in *Westmoreland*.
And *Johnny Armstrong* they do him call,
He has no Lands nor livings coming in,
But keeps Eightscore Men within his Hall,

He has Horses and Harness for them all,
And goodly Steeds that are Milk white,
With

A Song of Johnny Armstrong.

With their glorious Belts about their Necks,
Their Hats and Feathers all alike.

The King he writes a kind Letter,
With his own Hand so tenderly,
And sent away to *Johnny Armstrong*,
To come and talk with him speedily.

When *John* he look upon this Letter,
Gued Laird he look much blith and better,
Ine'er was before a King in my Life,
My Father, my Grandfather, nor my Wife.

But seeing we must go before the King,
Indeed we will go most gallantly ;
Ye shall every Man have a Velvet Coat,
Laid down with golden Laces three.

And every one have a scarlet Cloak laid
down with silver Laces five,
With golden Belts about your Necks,
With Hats and Feathers all alike.

When *John* set out from *Guiltnock-Hall*,
The Wind it did blow and full fast it did
rain.

Now fare thee well, old *Guiltnack-Hall*,
I fear I shall never see thee again.

Now *Johnny* is to *Edinburgh* gone,
With his Eightscore Men so gallantly,

And

A Song of Johnny Armstrong.

And every one of them on a Milk-white
Steed,

With their Bucklers and Swords hanging
to their Knee.

But when *Johnny* came before the King,
With his Eightscore Men so gallant to see,
The King he moved his Bonnet to him;
Thinking he had been a King as well as he.

O Pardon, O Pardon, my Sovereign Leige,
Pardon my Eightscore Men and me,
For my Name it is *Johnny Armstrong*.
And a Subject of yours, my *Leige* said he.

Away begone thou false Traytor,
No Pardon will I grant to thee;
For To-morrow Morning by Eight of the
Clock,
I'll hang up thy Eightscore Men and thee.

Then *John* looking over his left Shoulder,
And to his Men thus said he,
I have asked Grace of a Graceless Face,
No Pardon there is for you or me.

Then *John* pull'd out his good broad Sword,
The which was made of Mettle so free;
If the King had not moved his Foot as he did,
He had sever'd his Head from his fair Body.

Come follow me my Merry-men all,
They shall see we'll scorn one Foot to fly;

A Song of Johnny Armstrong.

It ne'er shall be said we were hang'd like Dogs;
We'll fight it out most manfully.

Then they fought on like Champions bold,
Their Hearts being sturdy, stout and free,
Till they had killed all the King's own Guard,
There being none left but two or three.

Then rose up all *Edinburgh*,
They rose up by Thousands three,
A cowardly *Scot* came behind *Johnny*,
And run him thorow the fair Body.

Quoth *Johnny* fight on my Merry-men all,
I'm a little wounded, but am not yet slain;
I'll lay me down to bleed awhile,
And then rise up and fight again.

Then they fought on like Madmen all,
Till many a Man lay dead on the Plain;
For they were resolved e'er they would yield,
That every Man would there be slain.

So there they fought courageously,
Till most of them lay dead and slain;
But little *Musgrove*, that was his Foot Page,
With his bonny *Grizzle* got away untain.

But when he came to *Guiltnock-Hall*,
The Lady spied him presently,

What

A Song of Johnny Armstrong.

What News, what News, thou little Foot
Page,

What News of thy Master, and his Com-
pany.

My News is bad, dear Lady he said,
Which I do bring as you may see;
My Master *Johnny Armstrong* is slain,
And all his gallant Company.

Thou art welcome home bonny *Grizzle*,
Oft thou hast been fed with Corn and Hay;
But now thou shalt be fed with Bread and
Wine,
And thy Sides shall be spur'd no more from
this Day.

O then bespake his little Son,
As he sat on his Nurses Knee;
If ever I live to be a Man,
My Father's Death revenged shall be.

Robin

ROBIN HOOD *rescuing* WILL STUTELY
from the Sheriff and his Men, who had
taken him Prisoner, and were going to
hang him.

Tune of, Robin Hood and Queen Catherine.

WHEN Robin Hood in the Green Wood,
Derry, derry, down,
Under the Green Wood Tree,
Tydings there came to him with speed,
Tydings for certainty,
Hey down, derry, derry, down.

That Will Stutely surprized was,
Derry, &c.
And eke in Prison lay;
Three Varlets that the King had hir'd,
Did likewise him betray.

Aye and To-morrow hang'd must be,
Derry, &c.
To-morrow soon as it is Day;
But before they could this Victory get,
Two of them Stutely did slay.

When Robin Hood he heard this News,
Derry, &c.
Lord he was grieved sore;

Ave,

A Song of Robin Hood.

Aye, and unto his merry Men said,
Who altogether swore

That *Will Stutely* should rescued be,
Derry, &c.

And be brought safe back again;
Or else should many a gallant Wight,
For his Sake there be slain.

He cloath'd himself in Scarlet then,
Derry, &c.

His Men were all in Green;
A fairer Sight throughout the World,
In no Part could be seen.

Good Lord it was a gallant Sight,
Derry, &c.

To see them all on a Row;
With every Man a good Broad Sword
And eke a good Yew Bow.

Forth of the Green Wood they are gone,
Derry, &c.

Yes, all courageously,
Resolving to bring *Stutely* home,
Or every Man to die.

And when they came the Castle near,
Derry, &c.

Whereat *Will Stutely* lay;
I hold it good, says *Robin Hood*,
We here in ambush stay:

And

A Song of Robin Hood.

And send one forth some News to hear,
Derry, &c.

To yonder Palmer fair,
That stands under the Castle Wall,
Some News he may declare.

With that steps forth a brave young Man,
Derry, &c.

Which was of Courage bold;
Thus he did to the old Man say,
I pray thee Palmer hold:

Tell me, if that thou rightly can,
Derry, &c.

When must *Will Stutely* die,
Who is one of bold *Robin Hood's* Men,
And here doth Prisoner lie.

Alas, alas, the Palmer said,
Derry, &c.

And for ever woe is me;
Will Stutely hanged must be this Day,
On yonder Gallows Tree.

O had his noble Master knew,
Derry, &c.

He would some Succour send;
A few of his bold Yeomander
Full soon will fetch him nence.

And

I

Ah,

A Song of Robin Hood.

Ah, that is true, the young Man said,
Derry, &c.

Ah, that is true said he ;
Or if they were near to this Place,
They soon will set him free.

But fare thee well, thou good old Man,
Derry, &c.

Farewell, and Thanks to thee ;
If *Stutely* hanged be this Day,
Reveng'd his Death will be.

He was no sooner from the Palmer gone,
Derry, &c.

But the Gates was open'd wide,
And out of the Castle *Will Stutely* came,
Guarded on every Side.

When he was forth of the Castle come,
Derry, &c.

And saw no help was nigh ;
Thus he did say unto the Sheriff,
Thus he said gallantly.

Now seeing that I needs must die,
Derry, &c.

Grant me one Boon, says he ;
For my noble Master ne'er had a Man
That yet was hang'd on the Tree.

Give

A Song of Robin Hood.

Give me a Sword all in my Hand,

Derry, &c.

And let me be unbound;

And with thee and thy Men I'll fight,

Until I lie dead on the Ground.

But his Desire he would not grant,

Derry, &c.

His wishes were in vain;

For the Sheriff had sworn he hang'd shou'd be,

And not by the Sword be slain.

Do but unbind my Hands he said,

Derry, &c.

I will no Weapons crave;

And if I hanged be this Day,

Damnation let me have.

O no, O no, the Sheriff he said,

Derry, &c.

Thou shalt on the Gallows die;

Ay, and so shalt thy Master too,

If ever in me it lie.

O dastard Coward, *Stutely* cries,

Derry, &c.

Thou faint hearted Peasant Slave;

If ever my Master do thee meet,

Thou shalt thy Payment have.

A Song of Robin Hood.

My noble Master thee doth scorn,
Derry, &c.

And all thy cowardly Crew;
Such silly Imps unable are,
Noble *Robin* to subdue.

But when he was to the Gallows come,
Derry, &c.

And ready to bid adieu,
Out of a Bush leaps *Little John*,
And steps *Will Stutely* too:

I pray thee Will, before thou die,
Derry, &c.

Of thy dear Friends take leave;
I needs must borrow him a while:
How say you Master Sheriff?

Now as I live, the Sheriff he said,
Derry, &c.

That Varlet will I know;
Some sturdy Rebel is that same,
Therefore let him not go.

With that *Little John* so hastily,
Derry, &c.

Away cut *Stutely's* Bands;
And from one of the Sheriff's Men
A Sword twitch from his Hands.

Here

A Song of Robin Hood.

Here *Will* take thou the same,
Derry, &c.

Thou can'st it better sway;
And here defend thyself a-while,
For Aid will come straitway.

And there they turn'd them Back to Back,
Derry, &c.

In the Middle of them that Day;
Till *Robin Hood* approached near
With many an Archer gay.

With that an Arrow by them flew,
Derry, &c.

I wist from *Robin Hood*;
Make haste, make haste, the Sheriff said,
Make haste, for it is good.

The Sheriff is gone, his doubtful Men,
Derry, &c.

Thought it no Boot to stay;
But as their Master had them taught,
They run full fast away.

O stay, O stay, *Will Stutely* said,
Derry, &c.

Take leave e'er you depart;
You ne'er will catch bold *Robin Hood*,
Until you dare him start.

A Song of Robin Hood.

O ill betide you; quoth *Robin Hood*,
Derry, &c.

That you soon are gone;
My Sword may in my Scabbord rest,
For here our Work is done.

I little thought when I came here,
Derry, &c.

When I came near to this Place.
For to have met with *Little John*,
Or seen my Master's Face.

Thus *Stutely* was at Liberty set,
Derry, &c.

And safe brought from his Foe;
O Thanks, O Thanks to my Master,
Since here it was not so.

And once again, my Fellows all,
Derry, derry, down,

We shall in the Green Woods meet;
Were we will make our Bow-string twang,
Music for us most sweet:
Hey down, derry, down.

The



*The famous Battle between Robin Hood
and the Curtal Friar, near Fountain-
dale.*

To a new Northern Tune.

IN Summer time when Leaves grow green,
And Flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry Men
Were dispos'd to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use Artillery;
Which of you can a good Bow draw,
A good Archer to be?

Which of you can kill a Buck?
Or who can kill a Doe?
Or who can kill a Hart of Greece
Five hundred Foot him fro?

Will Scadlock he kill'd a Buck,
And *Mide* he kill'd a Doe;
And *Little John* kill'd a Hart of Greece,
Five hundred Foot him fro.

God's Blessing on thy Heart, said *Robin Hood*,
That shot such a Shot for me;
I would ride my Horse an hundred Miles
To find one could match thee.

That

A Song of Robin Hood.

That caused *Will Scadlock* to laugh,
He laughed full heartily;
There lives a Friar in *Fountain-Abbey*,
Will beat both him and thee.

That Curtal Friar in *Fountain-Abbey*
Well can a strong Bow draw;
He will beat you and your Yeomen,
Set them all on a Row.

Robin Hood took a solemn Oath,
It was by *Mary* free,
That he would neither eat nor drink,
Till the Friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his Harness good,
And on his Head a Cap of Steel;
Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,
And they became him wheel.

He took his Bow in his Hand,
It was of a trusty Tree;
With a Sheaf of Arrows by his Side,
And to *Fountain-Dale* went he.

And coming to fair *Fountain-Dale*,
No further he would ride,
There was he aware of a Curtal Friar,
Walking by the Water Side.

The Friar had a Harness Nood,
And on his Head a Cap of Steel;

Broad

A Song of Robin Hood.

Broad Sword and Buckler by his Side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood lighted off from his Horse,
And tied him to a Thorn;
Carry me over the Water, thou Curtal Friar,
Or else thy Life's forlorn.

The Friar took *Robin Hood* on his Back,
Deep Water he did bestride;
And spake neither good nor bad,
Till he came on the other Side.

Lightly stept *Robin* off the Friar's Back,
The Friar said to him again,
Carry me over the Water fine Fellow,
Or it shall breed thy Pain.

Robin Hood took the Friar on's Back,
Deep Water he did bestride;
And spoke neither Word, good or bad,
Till he came on the other Side.

Lightly leapt the Friar off *Robin Hood*'s Back,
Robin Hood said to him again,
Carry me over this Water, thou Curtal Friar,
Or it will breed thy Pain.

The Friar took *Robin Hood* on's Back again,
And stept up to the Knee,
Till he came to the middle Stream,
Neither good nor bad spoke he.

And

A Song of Robin Hood.

And coming to the middle Stream,
There he threw *Robin* in;
And chuse thee, chuse thee, fine Fellow,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim.

Robin Hood swam to a Bush of Broom,
The Friar to the Willow Wand;
Bold *Robin Hood* is gone to Shore,
And took his Bow in Hand.

One of the best Arrows under his belt,
To the Friar he let fly;
The Curtal Friar, with his Steel Buckler,
He put his Arrow by.

Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine Fellow,
Shoot as thou hast begun;
If thou shoot here a Summer's Day
Thy Mark I will not shun.

Robin Hood shot so passing well,
Till his Arrows all were gone;
They took their Swords and Steel Bucklers,
And fought with might and main.

From Ten o'th' Clock that Day,
Till Four i'th' Afternoon,
Then *Robin Hood* came on his Knees,
Of the Friar to beg a Boon.

A Boon, a Boon, thou Curtal Friar,
I beg it on my Knee;

Give

A Song of Robin Hood.

Give me leave to set my Horn to my Mouth,
And to blow Blasts three:

That I will do, said the Curtal Friar,
Of thy Blasts I have no Doubt;
I hope thou'lt blow so passing well,
Till both thy Eyes fall out.

Robin Hood set his Horn to his Mouth,
He blew out Blasts three;
Half a Hundred Yeomen, with Bows bent,
Came ranging over the Lee.

Whose Men are these, said the Friar,
That come so hastily?
These are mine, said *Robin Hood*,
Friar, what's that to thee?

A Boon, a Boon, said the Curtal Friar,
The like I give to thee;
Give me leave to set my Fist to my Mouth,
And to whute Whutes three.

That I will do, said *Robin Hood*,
Or else I were to blame;
Three Whutes in a Friar's Fist
Would make me glad and fain.

The Friar he set his Fist to his Mouth,
And whuted him Whutes three;
Half a Hundred good Bay Dogs
Came running over the Lee.

Here's

A Song of Robin Hood.

Here's for every Man a Dog,
And myself for thee;
Nay, by my Faith, said *Robin Hood*,
Friar that may not be.

Two Dogs at once to *Robin Hood* did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's Mantle, of *Lincoln* green,
Off from his Back they tore.

And whether his Men shot East or West,
Or they shot North or South;
The Curtal Dogs, so taught they were,
They caught the Arrows in their Mouth.

Take up thy Dogs, said *Little John*,
Friar, at my Bidding be:
Whose Man art thou, said the Curtal Friar;
Come here to prate to me.

I am *Little John*, *Robin Hood's* Man,
Friar, I will not lie;
If thou take not up thy Dogs soon,
I'll take them up and thee.

Little John had a Bow in his Hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a Score of the Friar's Dogs
Lay dead upon the Plain.

Hold thy Hand, good Fellow, said the Curtal
Thy Master and I will agree; {Friar,
And

A Song of Robin Hood.

And we will have new Orders taken
With all the Haste that may be.

If thou wilt forsake fair *Fountain-Dale*,
And *Fountain-Abbey* free,
Every *Sunday* throughout the Year
A Noble shall be thy Fee.

Every *Sunday* throughout the Year
Changed shall thy Garments be;
And if thou wilt to fair *Nottingham*,
And there remain with me.

The Curtal Friar had kept *Fountain-Dale*
Seven long Years and more;
There was neither Knight, Lord, nor Earl,
Could make him yield before.

F I N I S.

Curtal
Friar,
And

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